READ "LATTIMER'S STRANGE CASE" IN NEXT WEEK'S CHICAGO LEDGER

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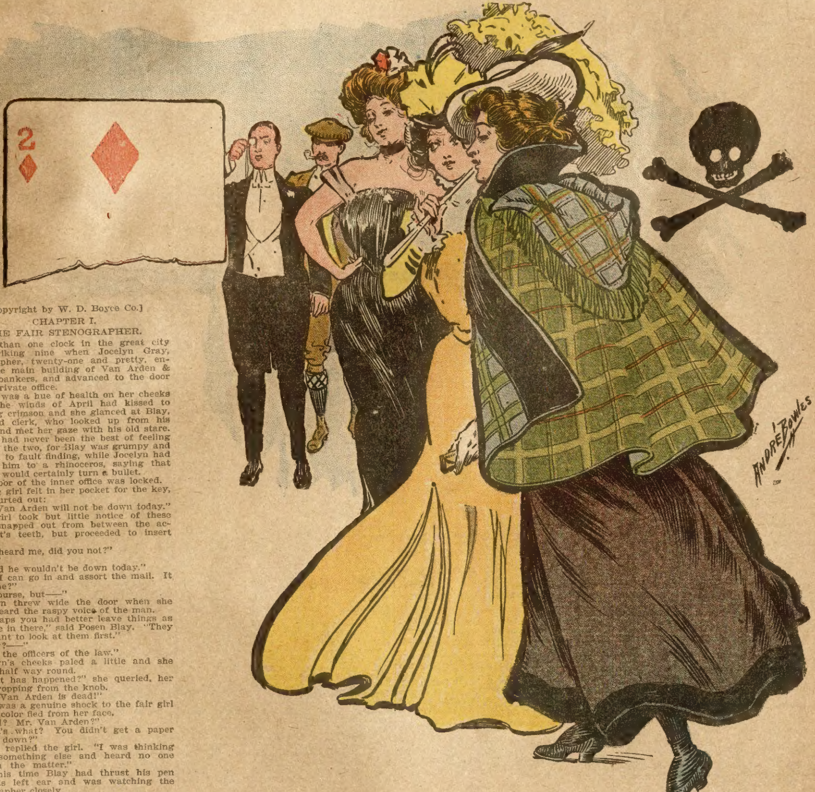
THE DEUCE OF DIAMONDS;

Or, THE VAN ARDEN MYSTERY. By Major Albion F. Grant.



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CHAPTER I.

THE FAIR STENOGRAPHER.

More than one clock in the great city was striking nine when Jocelyn Gray, stenographer, twenty-one and pretty, entered the main building of Van Arden & Bloom, bankers, and advanced to the door of the private office.

There was a hue of health on her cheeks which the winds of April had kissed to tempting crimson and she glanced at Blay, the head clerk, who looked up from his ledger and met her gaze with his old stare.

There had never been the best of feeling between the two, for Blay was grumpy and disposed to fault finding, while Jocelyn had likened him to a rhinoceros, saying that his skin would certainly turn a bullet.

The door of the inner office was locked.

As the girl felt in her pocket for the key, Blay blurted out:

"Mr. Van Arden will not be down today."

The girl took but little notice of these words snapped out from between the accountant's teeth, but proceeded to insert the key.

"You heard me, did you not?"

"Yes."

"I said he wouldn't be down today."

"But I can go in and assort the mail. It has come?"

"Of course, but——"

Jocelyn threw wide the door when she again heard the raspy voice of the man.

"Perhaps you had better leave things as they are in there," said Posen Blay. "They may want to look at them first."

"They?——"

"Yes, the officers of the law."

Jocelyn's cheeks paled a little and she turned half way round.

"What has happened?" she queried, her hand dropping from the knob.

"Mr. Van Arden is dead!"

This was a genuine shock to the fair girl and all color fled from her face.

"Dead? Mr. Van Arden?"

"That's what? You didn't get a paper coming down?"

"No," replied the girl. "I was thinking about something else and heard no one mention the matter."

By this time Blay had thrust his pen over his left ear and was watching the stenographer closely.

"To be plain, it's a great mystery," said he. "There's been murder done."

Jocelyn felt a sudden faintness taking possession of her and she might have fallen if she had not suddenly and with a great display of will power pulled herself together.

"I'll look over the mail anyhow," she replied, hardly knowing what she was saying and with this she entered the private office and closed the door behind her.

Ten minutes later she came out, glanced at the clerks and passed from the building.

Dead! her employer? She dared not think of such a thing, for to do so meant much to her.

She remembered, however, that, when parting with Anson Van Arden the preceding day, he had told her that his wife intended to give a fashionable soiree that night and that, on account of it, he might not reach the office with his usual punctuality the following day.

She had thought but little of this, however. The Van Arden's were prominent members of high society and "Mrs. Van," as she was familiarly called, was one of the "four hundred."

The cool air of the streets brought back the color to her cheeks and Jocelyn hurried away.

She had breakfasted at home, but the terrible news imparted by Posen Blay, yet tingled her nerves and she thought she needed a bracer in a cup of strong coffee.

Therefore she wended her way to a little cafe not far from the banking house which she patronized at the noon hour and took her favorite seat.

No one seemed to take the slightest notice of her. She had dined there for more than a year, but had made no acquaintances, preferring to be alone.

In the interval that followed the giving of her order and its filling, she picked up the morning paper that lay on the table.

It was an extra edition, gotten out after midnight, or, more properly, very early that morning and the bright eager eyes of the young stenographer ran over the head lines in search of the one bit of news she dreaded to find.

At last she gave a little cry and her eyes became fixed on the lines that had startled her.

It was too true, Anson Van Arden was dead!

Then with bated breath Jocelyn read the particulars as they were given, not noticing when her breakfast came, nor laying down the paper till she had mastered the last line.

It was a mystery—the death of her rich employer.

Van Arden had been found in his private apartments in the great house on Fifth Avenue after the departure of his wife's gay guests, dead—murdered!

The sheet fell from Jocelyn's hands and she sank back into the depths of the chair.

She was out of employment!

For the time at least her mode of making a living was gone and just when she needed every penny her talents could procure.

For a little moment the interior of the cafe swam before her eyes, then, fearing that she might succumb, she reached for the coffee and gulped it down eagerly.

As the aromatic beverage penetrated her system with a sense of warmth she felt better and was soon herself again.

Fortunately no one had noticed her and she finished the coffee with avidity.

Ringing for the waiter she paid her score, looked once more at the paper, this time with a shiver, and went down the aisle to the door.

"Your pardon, Miss," said a voice at her elbow. "But you have dropped your glove."

Jocelyn started at the sound of the voice and turned to confront a well-dressed man with intensely, gray eyes that seemed to send their steely gleams to her very heart.

He was extending a glove she had dropped and in another moment Jocelyn had recovered it.

When she reached the side-walk she shivered to see the stranger at her side.

"Your pardon again," said he. "Are you not Mr. Van Arden's stenographer?"

"I was," said the girl with a little gasp. "But you know——"

She did not continue, but broke her own sentence.

"I thought so," replied the stranger, who was darkly handsome. "I thought I could not be mistaken. There is no face in the world like yours. Where are you living now, Miss?"

This was the height of impertinence and crimsoned Jocelyn's cheeks.

"I cannot see how my abode interests you?" she said, with some display of feeling.

"It may and may not," he smiled, again. "You were Mr. Van Arden's secretary, you say?"

"Yes."

"Why the past tense?"

"My employer is dead."

"Oh!" cried the man. "Dead in his sins, eh? Now, Miss Gray, I believe it is, you will do me the favor of telling me if you found on your employer's desk this morning—you have been to the office, no doubt—a letter post-marked Cairo, Egypt."

Jocelyn started visibly.

She had found such a letter there, yet why should that man ask about it.

"It was there, I presume?" cried the man. "You found such a letter?"

Jocelyn's lips came firmly together. She had gone far enough with this person. And Anson Van Arden was lying dead, murdered in his own house!

"You will excuse me," cried she, drawing back. "The letter from Cairo is not on his desk now. I have it here—for the authorities, if necessary!" and, tapping her bosom by way of emphasis, Jocelyn Gray turned and fled from the stranger's presence.

CHAPTER II.

MYSTERY.

The night after the tragedy at the Van Arden mansion on the proud avenue a youngish man might have been seen pacing the floor of a small, but well furnished apartment in another part of the city.

There was something about him that would have attracted more than usual attention his eyes were dark and keen and expressive as well, his figure rather slim, but well proportioned, and, all in all, he looked like a person born for a certain purpose.

Howell Hollis had chosen his life work and it was clear from what he had already done that he had not missed his calling.

The hour was after eleven and the furtive glances which the young detective cast toward the door showed that he expected some one.

At last the knob turned and the door opened.

The person who entered was in striking contrast to Hollis.

In the first place he was much older and quite stout, his face was partly covered with a full beard, turned an iron gray and he had a habit of fidgeting with his hands.

The detective greeted him cleverly and the visitor walked to a chair in which he deposited his bulky figure.

"Well," said he, looking up into Hollis's face. "You've been there, eh?"

The detective nodded. Then he leaned slightly against the edge of the table and for another moment kept silent.

"Yes," he resumed at last. "It's a queer case."

Tibbals—such was the visitor's name—crossed his hands several times in rapid succession and waited for his friend to proceed.

"It's murder beyond doubt," said Hollis. "When one has been stabbed to the heart that is murder, eh, Tibbals?"

"Unboubtedly."

"This is the way Van Arden went out of the world—one stab, nothing more. Indeed, another touch of the steel was not needed."

"You took a good look over the scene?"

"Certainly," and then, knowing that the old ex-detective would have to have the whole story, he proceeded:

"As the newspapers have informed you, Mrs. Van Arden gave a soiree last night. The select "400" were there. It was the most brilliant assemblage upper tendom has seen this season, but we're not dealing with that. Van Arden was indisposed, not so much, however, that he was entirely invisible during the whole evening for he did show himself to his wife's guests. He had one of his nervous headaches. After showing himself to the guests he retired to his private apartments where between twelve and one, he was found dead on the floor."

Hollis paused a little, but Tibbals made no remark, so he proceeded again.

"Mrs. Van Arden, the now bereaved widow, was the one to find him dead. She went to call him after the departure of the last guest. She rapped on the door, but received no response, then she tried the knob, but to her surprise found that the door was locked—on the inside.

"She found a chair and, standing upon it, she is rather tall, you may know, saw the body of her husband prone upon the floor. The multi-millionaire was stone dead. She lost no time in rousing the servants, the door, after a little consultation, was broken in and the terrible truth discovered. The body, I am told, was slightly warm yet, but death had set his seal upon the nabob's countenance. As you may imagine the uproar that ensued was something startling. The dead man was picked up and liad upon a sofa and the wound over the heart discovered, but all the same a doctor was sent for. He came and saw at a glance that it was all over. Doctor Brown is one of the most prominent surgeons in the city. He has dealt with more than one mysterious death.

"I now come to my visit to the house of crime," and Hollis looked away for an instant. "You know, Tibbals, we look for the unexpected."

"For the woman in the case," smiled the old detective.

"As the French say," smiled the younger sleuth. "The first thing that confronted me was the door which was fastened on the inside. It is the only door that leads into that chamber. The windows were fastened on the inside, like the door. There is not even a closet in that room. There was no sign of a struggle, only Van Arden's hands were strangely clenched, probably by the paroxysms of death. The course of the deadly blade was downward——"

"As if the blow had been dealt from behind, eh?"

"It looks that way. Now, let us see who might have seen Van Arden last. Cephas Bloom, the junior member of the banking firm of Van Arden & Bloom, was at the soiree. He tells me that he slipped away from the crowd about ten and held a few minutes of business conversation with the murdered man. He left him suffering from his headache, but in good spirits. John, the head servant, took him some wine at a quarter of eleven, at Mrs. Van Arden's request and says he drank it in his presence. Fifteen minutes later one of the maids passing the chamber door heard voices in low conversation inside and when she reached the head of the stair the door opened and a man came out. It was Mr. Shirley Benson, one prominent in high society. With the exception of the assassin he was the last person to see Van Arden alive so far as we know. He says that he left him in his chair writing some letters.

"There was nothing apparently disturbed in the room apparently, I say. When I inspected it it was in the same state as left by those who discovered the crime."

"With the exception of the broken lock and the disposition of the body?"

"Of course. As you know, a rich man has more or less enemies. He offends a certain class because of his vast wealth. We are living in an age when to be rich is, in the eyes of thousands, a heinous crime. Anson Van Arden has received a good many begging and threatening letters. His charities were not numerous, but I am told that when he gave, which he did, he did not let his right hand know what the left one did. His household affairs seemed to be all right. His family consisted of his wife and an adopted daughter, Miss Enid. There you have it, Tibbals."

Howell Hollis folded his arms and looked at the old detective, saying nothing more.

For a few seconds the little hands of Tibbals crossed and recrossed. The little, brown eyes, deeply set back of long, quivering lashes, showed no excitement. The old detective crossed his legs and laid one of his hands on the edge of the table.

"Looks queer?" he said.

"Queer and dark."

"The locked door and fastened windows—By George! Howell, you have a case here."

"Something of a genuine mystery," said Hollis.

"You haven't been idle since inspecting the premises?"

"No."

"You've inquired into Van Arden's affairs, I suppose?"

"Somewhat."

"A person can't lock a door from the inside very well when he is on the outside."

"Nor escape by a window that is fastened on the inside as well."

"You're right, boy. Van Arden couldn't have locked the door after receiving the blow?"

"Doctor Brown says it killed instantly."

Tibbals dropped his head upon his bosom and remained silent for a moment.

"You sounded the walls?" he asked, without looking up.

"Yes. I gave them a pretty good overhauling."

"And looked at the carpet?"

"It had not been disturbed. It is all in one piece, made expressly for that chamber and fits to a dot."

"And the ceiling?"

"Solid."

"I'll be switched," cried Tibbals, with a start, as he looked up. "It's about the most mysterious affair I ever met with—equal to Poe."

"I rather think it eclipses Poe."

"Hang me if it doesn't. Man murdered in a room locked from within and with but the one door. No secret portals, no traps, windows all fastened from within, too. And not a clew?"

Hollis's hand moved to an inner pocket.

"Nothing but this, found in the death chamber," he said, and the next moment the torn half of a playing card fell upon the table before Tibbals.

It was the deuce of diamonds!

CHAPTER III.

THE MYSTERY DEEPENS.

Tibbals reached over and picked up the card.

For a moment he looked scrutinizingly at it and then turned it over several times.

"Not a very recent tear?" he said, looking up at Hollis. "That is, it is a few hours old."

The young detective responded by a slight nod.

"You found this in the death chamber, you say?"

"Yes."

"In what part of it?"

"In one corner, the farthest from the dead man."

"Well?"

Tibbals was a man of few words.

"You looked for the other piece—its mate?"

"Everywhere," said Hollis. "It was not in the room."

The old sleuth laid the torn card on the table and reflected in silence.

"Was Anson Van Arden fond of cards?"

"He played for amusement a great deal."

"What was his game?"

"For the most part ecarte?"

Again Tibbals lifted the half-card and turned it over again.

On the face side of it, near the left hand corner, was the faintest trace of a smear.

"You've found it, I see," smiled Hollis.

"The smear? yes."

"It was there when I found the card. As you will see, the card is nearly new. It looks like the thumb of the man who tore it in two rested there."

Tibbals did not speak, but again transferred his gaze to the blotch.

"I've had it under a microscope," said the young ferret. "The lines become very distinguishable in that way."

"And Van Arden's thumbs?"

"I took an impression of them and they did not make that little smear."

'Good! That's something."

"It may be nothing or much," responded Hollis.

The other nodded.

"Now," continued the younger detective, in another tone of vice, "we can go on the theory that the man who made that smear killed Van Arden or ——"

"What?"

"He may be the most innocent person in the world."

"Exactly. When you find the rest of the deuce of diamonds you may be at the end of the trail."

Hollis picked up the fragment of pasteboard and transferred it to his pocket.

"You say that Bloom, the partner, and a servant visited Van Arden before his murder? Bloom remained awhile talking business as he says and the servant only took up wine."

"Yes."

Tibbals leaned back in his chair and shut his little eyes.

Hollis walked to the window and looked down into the busy street. He seemed to be watching the pedestrians who flitted hither and thither and now and then a cab dashed under the window.

It was a blustery night and cool, for the people still wore their wraps and light overcoats and here and there a woman went her way.

All at once a strange, eager light seemed to flash up in the depths of Hollis's eyes.

"Excuse me a moment, Tibbals," said he, turning round and snatching up his hat.

In a second he was out of the house and on the street below.

As he opened the door he stood face to face with a leanish little man who drew slightly back at sight of him.

"Is it you, Marcus?"

"Yes," answered the stranger. "It is me."

Then he came closer and held a whispered conversation with Hollis.

"Thanks," said the detective. "I'll see you later, Marcus," and drew back.

When he reentered the room above he made no remark concerning his absence. Tibbals did not ask a question, but opened and shut his eyes like an owl blinks in the garish light of day.

"By the way, I haven't dined," said Hollis, suddenly. "Let's try a grill."

Tibbals sprang up like one touched by an electric bolt.

"Good! I'm like a hungry bear!" cried he. "We will try a grill, as you say, Howell"

Ten minutes later the pair occupied seats in a famous grill room and were discussing, not the Van Arden mystery, but that which had been set before them.

Tibbals ate as vigorously as a Cossack and with but little regard to cleanliness. When he had satisfied his appetite he pushed the plate away and fell back in his chair.

"It's good enough for an epicure like Nero," said he, with a grin on his greasy face. "We will go now, eh, boy?"

They passed out of the place and on the sidewalk lighted their perfectos.

"I'll see you later on," said Hollis. "If anything develops I'll let you know."

"Do, and don't forget the smear on the deuce of diamonds," replied the other with a grimace.

Tibbals pulled his thread-bare coat closer round his form and vanished. In a little while he turned into a darkish side street and entered his lodgings.

"There may be a woman in the case after all," he said, to himself, as he let himself in with a latchkey.

In a little room on the back floor he lighted the gas, threw his hat on a bed and plumped down in a chair.

"Didn't I look for a man in the Deaton case and find a woman?" he mused, aloud. "And when I got hold of the famous Paxton puzzle didn't I run plump against a houri? Funny, ins't it? I guess Mother Eve is responsible for the whole business But there's the locked door and fastened windows. And on the inside, too. But it's Howell's case and I've trained the boy."

He talked to himself a little longer and then went to bed to snore out his slumbers in peace.

Meanwhile, Hollis had gone to another part of the city.

The clock had struck twelve and the gloom of dreadful night was over the great metropolis like a pall. There were few on the street now, for the theaters were out and their patrons had gone home. Now and then the form of some burly policeman caught Hollis's eye for a moment, but the young detective did not regard them as he hurried along.

Bye and bye he dropped into the foye of one of the large hotels and sank into cushioned chair. He took from his pock a little memorandum and looked it over— list of Mrs. Van Arden's guests at th soiree.

It was a select list of the "400," names that represented millions and honor.

"The devil!" suddenly ejaculated Hollis. "I did not know that she had returned."

Replacing the paper in his pocket he rose and quitted the place.

"She always was a night bird," he resumed, on the street. "It's a little strange how she broke into society. One of Mrs. Van's cronies, I know. Haven't seen her for half a year and—what care I how late is?"

He hailed a cab and sprang into it.

"Number 166, Torrey Hill," said he and the next moment he was bowling over the stones of the city.

Presently the cab drew to the edge of the sidewalk and Hollis walked out.

"She's up," said he, with a smirk of satisfaction. "She didn't lose any of her old habits abroad, I'll warrant."

Springing lightly up the broad stone steps of the elegant mansion that confronted him Hollis jerked the bell to be answered by a sleepy servant who regarded him with a look of astonishment.

"Mrs. Bodley-Grant," said he. "Tell her that Howell Hollis would see her."

A second later a door opened at one side of the hall and a well dressed woman stepped into sight.

"You?" cried she. "Well, of all things Walk in, Howell. I must have been waitin for—you."

CHAPTER IV.

IS IT A CLEW?

The young detective did not hesitate aft this warm welcome but obeyed and in a mo ment was holding a pair of jeweled hand in his and looking into the sloe-black ey of a regal beauty.

Mrs. Bodley-Grant was a woman of perhaps thirty, though she looked five yea younger, a dashing widow with gre wealth at her command and a confirme globe-trotter. She had explored all that wa worth exploring in the old world, ha climbed the Matterhorn and descended in the salt mines of Russia. A good shot, had brought down tigers in India and ha chased the antelope on African plains.

Society had few claims for her restle nature. She had eschewed its frivolit and went into the charmed and smirch circle of the "400" but seldom.

But she was warm in her friendship and especially had a liking for Hollis who t years before had recovered a set of jew that had been stolen from her.

"It's not jewels this time, eh, Howell?" said Mrs. Bodley-Grant, as her little feet peeped out from beneath her dress like mice. "It's only a social call? Good! You're welcome. I must tell you about some of my late experiences on the Nile. Just got back from the land of the Pharoahs, you know. Great region that and so rich in antiquities. By the way, I think I brought back a souvenir of Cleopatra. And a little Osiris, snug but hideous."

She rose, and, crossing the room unlocked the drawer of a gilded escritoire, taking from it something in a little box which she carried to Hollis.

Opening it she drew out first a strange ring which was a gold serpent whose eyes were rubies, then she displayed from the same receptacle a little tiny idol in ebony, ugly as sin, but strangely attractive.

Showing these to Hollis, she rattled on as volubly as a woman's tongue can, whilst the detective listened as he handled the treas ures. He let Mrs. Bodley-Grant have h way, asking now and then a little questi until she concluded at last.

At last Hollis asked:

"You've tried society again, I see?"

"That dreadful Van Arden soiree? Ye the woman exclaimed. "What a terri ending it had! I haven't called yet up Mrs. Van with my condolences, but shall t day for the night is now past twelve. H does she take it?"

"You can imagine," said Hollis. "T terrible tragedy overshadows everything."

"It was murder, then?"

"Yes."

"Deliberate, from what I have seen in th papers."

"One of the coolest crimes of the ce tury."

"In the name of heaven, Howell, w could have had such a heart?"

"That is to be discovered," answered th detective.

"Oh, yes, that is your business, I know. You have no clew as yet?"

A smile came to Hollis's lips.

"Come, don't tell me anything I should know," broke out Mrs. Bodley-Grant. "You know it is said that women can't keep a secret. Perhaps I am included in that sweeping accusation. You've come to me something haven't you, Howell?"

"Perhaps. You noticed the guests last night?"

"In a way. Mrs. Van invited me because we have been friends for years. I did not care to go, but she insisted, even saying—but that was flattery—that the soiree would not be completed without me. Pshaw! That is the old dodge, you know, Howell. It was a fine assemblage anyway and I met those I had not seen for months."

Having thus started Mrs Bodley-Grant, Hollis had her tell the story of the fateful soiree, describing this and that costume, telling him all about the various guests, showing that she had observed more carefully than she let on.

"You don't think any af the guests did the deed?" suddenly cried the beautiful woman at the end of her talk. "How terrible it would be. The newspapers say that the bed chamber was locked from the inside. Is that true?"

"I believe it is."

"How mysterious! He could not have locked the door?"

It was the same question Tibbals had asked him.

"Death was instantaneous," he replied. "A dead man cannot open doors nor lock them."

"That is true, but the murderer, how did he escape?"

"This is the mystery," said Hollis. "You spoke awhile ago of one Carl Warner."

"The wealthy horseman? A friend of Van Arden's. I met him last year at Naples. Then I saw him again on the Riviera. Oh, yes, he was there last night. I cornered him and we had quite a tete-a-tete over foreign travel. Interesting fellow. Got the half card once."

"The what?" cried Hollis, unable to betray his emotion.

"What, don't you know? Well, perhaps you haven't heard. The half card is the sign of the Crosada."

"And the Crosada——"

"Is the mysterious death league of Florence."

Hollis, with his heart still in his throat, professed his ignorance of this strange order and waited for Mrs. Bodley-Grant to proceed

"It's ramifications extend all over the world," said she. "It is the secret Mafia on a larger scale. When I was in Egypt they found a millionaire Frenchman murdered at Luxor and near him lay the half card."

"And that card was——"

"And always is, the deuce of diamonds!" finished Mrs. Bodley-Grant.

"All this is new to me," said Hollis. "But there are so many murder societies in the old world that one cannot keep track of them."

"You are right As I have said, Warner has received the half card. That is the first warning. When the victim is killed the other half of the deuce of diamonds is found near him. Warner laughs at the whole thing though he knows about the Crosada. In fact, he has seen one of its victims. The crosada kills in secret. That is the victim is taken unawares and just when he is thought safest. But of course Van Arden was not a victim of the half card I have never heard of a case of the kind in America. But let me show you a relic I brought from the Nile."

Mrs. Bodley-Grant rose again and went over to the escritorie.

The keen eyes of Hollis followed her, perhaps because she had a queenly, voluptuous figure, rounded out in every detail. He saw her dive one of her little hands into the depths of the drawer and fumble therefor a moment.

Something fluttered to the floor as she withdrew her hand and took a little sail across the room, disappearing in one corner.

When she came back she carried a small box of polished ebony set with jewels. She opened it in her lap and poured out its contents which were little scarabs, hideous in their withered ugliness and she fingered them with the delight of an Egyptologist.

"Queer, aren't they?" said she, looking up with her dark eyes. "The sacred beetles of the old Egyptians. I expect you'll look for a mummied cat, next?"

Hollis pretended to be interested in the heap of scarabs, but his mind just then was upon something else

Suddenly Mrs. Bodley-Grant sprang up and touched an electric button.

"Pardon me, I forgot the wine," said she with a little laugh that was infectious. "The servants are drowsy tonight, but some must still be astir."

As there was no response to the summons the beautiful woman went toward the door.

"I'll fetch the wine, myself, if you will permit the hostess to play servant a moment," cried she, looking back over her shoulder and disappeared.

The next moment, Hollis, the detective, became imbued with sudden motion.

He darted from his chair and with one bound gained the corner toward which the light object from the drawer had fluttered. In another second he had picked it up, to gasp.

Strange fate or fortune, it was the half of a card torn ruthlessly across—the deuce of diamonds!

There was a footstep in the hall. Hollis flipped the little object back to its place and resumed his seat again.

Another installment of this very extraordinary story, increasing in interest, will appear in next week's Ledger. All readers desiring our free cameras or patterns will find the conditions named in our advertisements on pages thirteen and fifteen. We strongly advise you to subscribe for the Ledger at once and secure the remainder of this thrilling narrative and many other great stories that will soon appear.

Mark Twain on A. Ward.

One day when Artemus Ward was traveling a man approached him in the train, sat down, and said:

"Did you hear the last thing on Horace Greeley?"

"Greeley? Greeley?" said Artemus; "Horace Greeley? Who is he?"

The man was quiet about five minutes. Pretty soon he said:

"George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over in England. Do you think they will put him in a bastile?"

"Train? Train? George Francis Train?" said Artemus, solemnly. "I never heard of him."

This ignorance kept the man quiet 15 minutes. Then he said:

"What do you think about Gen. Grant's chances for the presidency? Do you think they will run him?"

"Grant? Grant? Hang it, man!" said Ward. "You appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw."

The man was furious. He walked off, but at last came back and said:

"You confounded ignoramus, did you ever hear of Adam?"

Artemus looked up and said: "Adam? What was his other name?"—Judge.

Reformation of Jim Lynch.

BY C. C. NEWKIRK.

There are men who cannot outlive their childish fears of darkness—men who cannot step into a dark, deserted chamber, or mount a gloomy stairway to empty corridors, after nightfall, without a nameless, creepy terror in their hearts. Cyrus Holden, banker, was such a man.

In the prime of his bachelor life the coming of each night brought with it the foolish fears that rightly belonged to his childhood. His weakness was a secret which no living person shared. The banker entertained often and lavishly in his magnificent home, where none lived save himself and his servants. On such occasions, when merriment ran high, the host's laughter was as loud and his wit as sharp as any there. After the guests had departed and the servants had stolen to bed—after the laughter of the half-spent night was hushed, and the clinking of the wineglasses had died away—Cyrus Holden would steal trembling to his bed, to toss, sometimes, until the dawn, his eyes wide open, his hearing acute, and every nerve tense, suffering the torments which his wild imagination conjured up.

If he slept it was to dream of a man, whose face was half masked in black, stealing towards him with a glittering blade, held ready to strike. As the murderer drove the knife into his heart the banker would awake to hear the echo of his own agonizing shriek His forehead would be beaded with moisture, and his body quivering in fear. The nightmare was invariably the same—the panther-like man in the black mask, the gleaming knife.

Later, when Cyrus Holden closed his library and bedroom to the eyes of his own servants, there were whispered speculations as to his sanity, in which the butler, the coachman, and the maid offered their views. Outside the great house, no one knew or cared. From the time he had begun to double lock and bolt these two rooms from all eyes save his own, there appeared to have been lifted from Cyrus Holden some great care. The lines which sleepless nights had etched upon his face disappeared, and the flush of health and vigor came instead. When he left the house for the day he saw to it that his bedroom and library were as safe from invasion as the vaults of his bank. As for the window, it was always barred, and the blinds closely drawn.

Only two men living today know the mystery of the locked chamber One is Mr. Cyrus Holden, banker; the other is Mr. Jim Lynch, professional burglar and cracksman.

Curiosity did not prompt Mr. Lynch to pry into the banker's secret. The housebreaker's motive was merely a business "proposition," on which he hoped to realize handsomely for his time, trouble, and risk. If Cyrus Holden had known that the stranger who went through his house in the guise of an insurance inspector was a desperate criminal, sought after by the police of a dozen cities, he might have experienced a return of the old fear. If the banker had known that, as he walked abroad, a genteel shadow stole behind, or when he sat at lunch two eyes studied him from behind a newspaper, the sleepless nights might have come back.

Mr. Lynch made his entrance unannounced, through a rear window, shortly after midnight. The burglar stood for a time in the corridor to listen. His immovable figure was concordant with the silence and darkness that reigned throughout the great house. Suddenly a bright bull's-eye looked about with inquisitive activity. Behind it two human orbs burned through the holes in a black half mask, and a firm forefinger felt its way about a pistol trigger. Then the light stole noiselessly forward the length of the corridor, and, as an aid in case of a hasty exit, Mr. Lynch unbolted the front door before he turned to creep up the broad stairway.

On the upper landing to the right was the banker's library, and, opening from it to the rear, his bedroom. The burglar first examined the barred window and then bent to study the fastenings of the library door. To go through the window it would be necessary to saw the bars; if through the door, there would be two patent locks to "work," and perhaps a bolt or more on the inside. Mr. Lynch reflected a moment, and then, moving to the rear, began to pick the door-lock of the room beyond the banker's sleeping chamber. It offered slight resistance to a man who had burrowed his way through iron and steel.

As the cracksman pushed open the door and stepped over the threshold, the beam of the bull's-eye was playing on the interior of the room, and the revolver was in a shooting position. Mr. Lynch operated on the theory that every locked room he entered was occupied until he had proved the contrary. He had never met an emergency for which he was not prepared. The room, however, was untenanted, and, to his satisfaction, the burglar observed a door leading into the banker's sleeping apartment, which was not secured by double locks and bolts, as he had found the library door.

Mr. Lynch placed his ear to the keyhole and listened for the breathing of the sleeper, but he heard nothing. Then he began with the utmost caution on the lock. He made less noise than the gnawing of a rat. The faint clink of the skeleton keys could scarcely have been heard beyond three feet—they would not have awakened the most restless sleeper.

When the door was ready to be opened the burglar closed the slide of his lantern and was swallowed up in the blackness about him. Noiselessly he turned the knob and gently pushed open the door of the secret chamber.

The banker's bedroom was dark. Over the transom from the library came enough light to give the interior a weird, phosphorescent glow, but not sufficient to annoy a sleeper or reveal the bed.

Very slowly the intruder allowed a tiny ray from his lantern to travel across the floor till it found it, and then steal quietly up from the foot of the massive bedstead till it fell the briefest moment upon a pallid face, and was then withdrawn before the lightest sleeper could awake.

He knew Cyrus Holden perfectly well by sight. The motionless figure lay in apparent deep and quiet sleep, one arm thrown above the head and the other extended on the coverlet. But Mr. Lynch had known men, under similar circumstances, to feign sleep, and as he advanced toward the bed, with the velvet tread of a cat, both revolver and lantern were in readiness. As he bent downward to study the banker's face, the burglar suddenly stood erect and shrank back, crouching.

The open eyes were fixed in a glassy stare upon the ceiling!

During that moment of awful suspense the ray of light was again allowed for an instant to rest on the face. A little more pressure on the trigger would have sent a bullet into the body on the bed. For the first time in his professional career Mr. Lynch felt his nerve oozing away. The uncanny stare of the open eyes unbalanced him. Was it the frozen stare of fear, or of sleep, or of death? If death, so much the better; but it was Mr. Lynch's principle to take nothing for granted until proven.

Placing his revolver on the carpet, he drew a gleaming knife, and again crept toward the bed. The motionless face did not quiver an eyelash, only lay looking upward with that haunting, penetrating stare. When the light had moved within a foot of the face, a strong arm swung from the inky background and drove the knife hilt deep into the spot which to the robber's trained eye covered the sleeper's heart. As he pulled upward his fingers slipped over the handle, and the knife was left firmly fixed. The violence of the thrust turned the body on its side, with the face away. A tremor ran through it, and then the figure lay motionless

Mr. Lynch reeled as he stooped to pick up the revolver. Cold beads of sweat stood out on his forehead, and his legs quivered under him. Turning his back upon the bed, he worked with feverish haste to finish and get away. From cabinet to dresser he hurried, leaving the drawers open and their contents strewn about the floor, but he found nothing of value.

The library—then he would be through! The door was closed, but not locked. Noiselessly but hastily pushing it open, he stepped from the haunting chamber into the flood of light.

"Good heavens!"

There before him with a revolver leveled full at him, stood the perfect image of Cyrus Holden! Mr. Lynch's nerve stretched and snapped! He was standing on the edge of eternity! He only knew one thing to do—shoot before the other fellow! Like a lightning flash he swung his own weapon into position and pulled the trigger—once!—twice!!—thrice!!!—all in a second's time. Through the smoke he say the figure yet standing in the same threatening posture—piercing him with that stony stare behind the leveled revolver. It did not shoot—it did not move! Was it man or devil?

The next instant the weapon dropped from the burglar's hand, and turning he ran, cursing, through the dark chamber, where the body lay, with the knife driven into it—through the next room into the corridor—headlong down the steps, and out into the streets from the awful place—unmanned, and a temporary maniac.

The banker awoke at the three shots to hear the hurried footsteps of some one through his secret chambers. A moment afterward a concealed panel door opened from a wall of the bed-chamber where the body lay, and Cyrus Holden timidly emerged from his unknown sleeping closet, bearing a light. He advanced to the bed and rolled the wax counterfeit of himself on its back. A knife was sticking in the cardiac region of the dummy double. Then the banker crossed into the library. The wax statue of himself, which stood there holding the leveled revolver, presented a most grotesque appearance. A portion of its lower jaw was shot away, and there were two other bullet holes in the body, either of which would have proved fatal—if the dummy had been a man.

At his feet Mr. Holden found Mr. Lynch's lighted bull's-eye lantern and revolver. This suggested to him the probability that the burglar would not tell the secret of the locked chambers, and he hastily refastened the doors as he heard the butler coming up. As the banker again passed through the panel door into his secret sleeping closet, there was a look of pleased triumph on his face. The disfigurement of the wax dummies did not seen to annoy him. They had proved valuable substitutes, and he could order two more from Paris.

The cool night air, and the peaceful suburban street, brought Mr. Lynch to himself with a jerk. He realized that his conduct was unprofessional in the extreme, and, pulling off his black mask, he slunk into the darkness of a convenient alley. An hour later he was speeding from the place in the first train for the metropolis. That was his last night's work in the "crooked" line.

Identified.

As is generally known, "seamen's return" tickets are issued by most railways at seaport towns to sailors at reduced rates, but when a somewhat stylishly dressed young man demanded one to Birmingham the booking clerk at the southern seaport town demurred.

"Seamen's returns are only issued to sailors," he snapped.

"Well, I'm a sailor," was the reply.

"I have only your word for that," said the clerk. "How am I to know it is correct?"

"How are you to know it?" came the answer. "Why, you leather-necked, swivel-eyed son of a sea cook, if you feel my starboard boom running foul of your headlights you'll know I've been doing more than sit on a stool and bleating all my life, and you'll haul in your jaw tackle a bit."

The station master had been standing near by.

"Give him a ticket," he said; "he's a sailor."

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

Agrees With Him About Food.

A trained nurse says: "In the practice of my profession I have found so many points in favor of Grape-Nuts food that I unhesitatingly recommend it to all my patients.

"It is delicate and pleasing to the palate (an essential in food for the sick) and can be adapted to all ages, being softened with milk or cream for babies or the aged when deficiency of teeth renders mastication impossible. For fever patients or those on liquid diet I find Grape-Nuts and albumen water very nourishing and refreshing. This recipe is my own idea and is made as follows: Soak a tablespoonful of Grape-Nuts in a glass of water for an hour, strain and serve with the beaten white of an egg and a spoonful of fruit juice or flavoring. This affords a great deal of nourishment that even the weakest stomach can assimilate without any distress.

"My husband is a physician and he uses Grape-Nuts himself and orders it many times for his patients.

"Personally I regard a dish of Grape-Nuts with fresh or stewed fruit as the ideal breakfast for anyone—well or sick." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

In any case of stomach trouble, nervous prostration or brain fag, a 10 days trial of Grape-Nuts will work wonders toward nourishing and rebuilding, and in this way ending the trouble. "There's a reason" and trial proves.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Sized Them Up.

Sec. Shaw tells a story on Representative Smith of Iowa when the latter was a fledgling attorney and anxious to make a reputation for himself. A prisoner was brought before the bar in the criminal court in Iowa, but he was not represented by a lawyer.

"Where is your lawyer?" inquired the judge who presided.

"I have none," responded the prisoner.

"Why haven't you?"

"Haven't any money to pay a lawyer."

"Do you want a lawyer?" asked the judge.

"Yes, your honor."

"There is Walter I. Smith, John Brown, George Green," said the judge, pointing to a lot of young attorneys who were about the court waiting for something to turn up. "and Mr. Alexander is out in the corridor."

The prisoner eyed the budding attorneys in the courtroom and after a critical survey stroked his chin and said: "Well, I guess I will take Mr. Alexander."

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

I got berry stains on a blue silk dress, will some reader tell me what will remove them? While only a girl I am making lots of money selling directions for preserving fruit. I sell more than 100 directions a week, for $1 each. You do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, it will keep perfectly fresh for years and is much better and more healthful than canned fruit. I will gladly help anyone start in this business, and you can make money in city or country. I will mail a bottle of fruit and complete directions for 21 two cent stamps, which is only the cost of bottle, fruit, mailing case, postage, etc. Address Francis Casey, 58 E. 125th St., Block 27, New York, N. Y. With a bottle of fruit for people to see and taste, you should sell hundreds of directions, right round home.

On the Job to Stay.

As illustrating the sturdy independence of the Scottish servant, Mr. Carnegie told the following:

"A certain lady in the north of Scotland had in her employ a crusty old servitor, long in the service of her family, who gave her no end of annoyance by an imperious disregard of her instructions. At length, the situation became unbearable, the mistress determined to see what effect dismissal would have upon the refractory servant. Accordingly, she summoned him and said:

"'Really, I can stand this no longer. You must seek another place. At the end of the month you leave my service.'

"At these words an expression of grim amusement spread over the countenance of the servant, but the characteristic 'loyalty' asserted itself.

"'Na, na, lady,' said he. 'I drove you to the kirk to be baptized: I drove you to your marriage, and I'll stay to drive you to your funeral.'"

A Dainty Little Maid.

Everyone ought to have her. She is dressed in pretty colors and changes the color of her skirt herself when it is going to rain. She indicates when it is wise to take an umbrella or when you can do without. She is the simplest and best of barometers. She is an ornament, a good seller for agents, a pretty gift, a good business souvenir and useful to anyone. She or one of her sisters comes postpaid with full directions for only 10 cents. W. P. Randolph & Co., 78 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Desperate Resistance

Vance Miller tells a story that has the virtue of timeliness most certainly. In the dusk of a winter's evening two footpads stole upon an unsuspecting citizen and commanded "Hands up."

Instead of acting upon it, however, the citizen struck out and knocked down one of the robbers. Two against one, however, were odds too great for him to conquer, and the robbers secured from him 5 cents, all he had. When they had escaped from the vicinity in which their brigandage had been committed both stopped for breath.

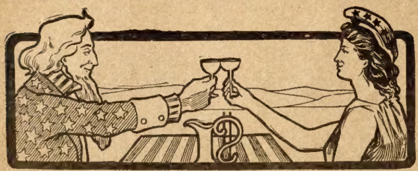
"Hully gee," gasped one, "if dat bloke had a' had a dime he'd a killed us."

A Practical Joke.

Tramp—You gave me a counterfeit five-dollar bill a few moments ago.

Practical Joker—He! he! he! ho! ho! Found it out, eh?

"Yes, sir: and, on my information an officer is now looking for you. Gimme five dollars in good money, and I'll throw 'em off the track. Thanks. Ta, ta!"



DOCTOR RENHART'S WIFE;

or

THE FATAL HONEYMOON.

By J. M. MERRILL, author of "Birdella," "Marching Through Dixie," "Blackade," etc.

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CHAPTER VI.

While Demonia sat waiting for the train the agent thrust his head through the aperture in the wall and beckoned to her. When she went to the little opening he said:

"You are waiting for the train east? It will be hours before it comes. An accident on the main line. I would advise you to wait for the next one out, which will be this evening."

"And do you think the wreck will be removed by then?"

"Most likely."

The man resumed his duties and Demonia, with a sigh, picked up her bag.

"I beg pardon, but let me carry it."

The man with the red beard put out his hand and took possession of her bag. He was asserting himself once more.

"I heard what the man said about the trains. I shall be detained here also. Unfortunate, but it can't be helped." He did not smile. His face was like an iron mask. He seemed less repulsive as he walked along by her side.

"By the way, where are you stopping?"

"At the North Star."

"Would you like a more quiet place?"

"I shall remain only till night. It doesn't matter," said she, with a deep breath. Strange she did not repulse this stranger as he deserved. There was a fascination about him despite his ugly appearance. His voice was low and pleasant, his manners those of a gentleman.

"I have a woman friend not far from here. She would be glad of your company while you stay. Will you go there; it's but a step?"

"No—well, yes. I don't mind," said Demonia, blundering in her speech.

The stranger led the way up a mountain path to a small cottage pinned to the hillside by protecting cedar shrubs. At the door they were met by a young woman with fair hair and kindly eyes. She was neatly dressed, and held out her hand pleasantly when the man said:

"I have fetched this lady—er Mrs.—Miss——"

"Peprys," said Demonia, helping him out.

"Ah, yes, Miss Peprys," said the man.

He turned aside at the door and Demonia saw him no more for the time. Mrs. Lowndes as she called herself proved to be an entertaining person, with an exceptional fund of information on Western topics.

Demonia was glad she came. The woman was very friendly and said that her brotner Tom was a mine prospector who had been in ill luck for a long time.

"He has been in the dumps for quite a spell," said Mrs. Lowndes. "I am naturally of a cheerful disposition or I don't know what would become of poor old Tom. If he had married, well it would have been different."

"Your brother is married, then?" said Demonia, for want of something better.

"Oh, yes, married and widowed within a short time. He married a pert Miss who thought him rich. The moment he fetched her here she balked. Poor thing! If she'd only behaved herself she might be alive now."

"She is dead?"

"Quite so. She fell from a horse over one of our precipices and was killed."

"Terrible!" said Demonia.

"Yes. That was before my poor Tom lost his beauty. You wouldn't think he was once a handsome man would you, Miss Peprys?"

Demonia demurred at giving her opinion.

"A blast of some kind filled his face and left him as he is. You haven't been here long, Miss Peprys?"

"No. I expected to return East today. A wreck on the road prevented."

"Yes, I understand. Tom picked you up at the depot?"

"Yes."

"He's always dong kindness of this sort. Our hotels are rough places, especially for women folks. By the by, did they tell you of the poor gentleman who was murdered?"

"I heard about it," returned Demonia. She was glad to have an opportunity to discuss the tragedy that had made her a widow. The story told by Eulene did not appeal to her. Somehow, Demonia was bound to respect herself despite the claims made by another. She had married Doctor Renhart in good faith, had a duly signed certificate at home. She was bound to be satisfied with this. The doctor's villainy should not make an outcast of her. Sensible Demonia!

"He was murdered by some enemy. The doctor had very little money with which to tempt robbers."

"Tell me about it, please?"

"There isn't much to tell. The doctor wasn't a resident here you see. He tramped about a good deal, visiting mining camps, ministering to those in distress. He was a good man; everybody liked him."

Demonia's heart swelled and throbbed painfully. This praise of the dead man was pleasing to her despite his sin.

"I didn't know he was in Tiger City till the news came that he was dead near an old mine, his face and body cut all to pieces. The murderer was a vindictive wretch."

"He must have been. Had the doctor relatives?"

"Oh, yes, a sister and a wife."

The speaker suddenly turned and smothered a cough. Demonia pushed her questions, but Mrs. Lowndes seemed to freeze suddenly.

"I didn't know them, of course. Would hardly have known the doctor if he should come into that door this minute. Tom can tell you more than I about it. You might ask him. Did you know Doctor Renhart?"

"No."

Demonia excused the lie with inward compunctions.

Demonia passed a very pleasant day with Mrs. Lowndes. Her brother absented himself till night. He came in with a gentle step and spoke to his sister.

"The trains will not be running again till midnight."

"Then Miss Peprys will stay here till tomorrow."

Demonia demurred. She assured her new friends that she must take the midnight train east. Her friends would be expecting her.

"Well, do as you like, Miss Peprys," said Mrs. Lowndes. "I shan't try to detain you longer, but I'll say you're welcome to stop as long as you please."

They had tea in a pleasant front room. Demonia could not help liking Mrs. Lowndes. She was a perfect gentlewoman, intelligent and friendly. Why she chose to remain in this rude country was a puzzle.

Tom did not come in till the women had finished their meal. He seemed shy and ill at ease. He was even more of a puzzle to Demonia than was his sister. They were altogether a nice couple. How could she have regarded the man with such loathing at the outset? He was as gentle and kindly spoken as a girl.

That scar was, however, a great disfigurement. He might have been a handsome man otherwise.

After tea, Mrs. Lowndes lit the parlor lamp and sat with her guest at a little table. The two talked in an altogether friendly manner.

The fumes of a cigar was wafted into them from where Tom sat outside enjoying his weed.

"It will be a long journey back to your home," said Mrs. Lowndes. "You really ought to have a protector."

"I am perfectly safe," returned Demonia, with a faint laugh. "It is only rich men's daughters who are stolen for ransom."

"Well, you might come under the first head you know," suggested the prospector's sister.

"Preposterous!"

"It seems strange that you should be here all alone. Of course there must have been something very compelling to bring you so far, and among strangers at that."

"Oh, as for that, I am my own mistress, and have no desire to stop all the time in one place. I was called here by the murder you was telling me about."

"Indeed! Then you knew Doctor Renhart?"

"No. I thought I did, but there was some mistake. A man by that name is a very dear friend of mine. He has been absent a long time from his home and I thougnt that this man who met such a tragic death might be him."

"Did you see the murdered man?"

"I was too late for that."

"But how do you know that the doctor who was killed is not your relative who has so long absented himself?"

"I met his wife. She told me about him. The doctor I knew was not married; at least his wife is not a Western woman."

"Then he is married?"

"Yes."

"Tell me about it."

"I would rather not, tonight."

"Of course not if you do not wish. I be pardon for my rudeness."

At near midnignt, Demonia was ready t depart for the depot. Mrs. Lowndes call her brother. He did not respond. Sne wen to the open door and called in a louder ton No reply.

"Never mind, Mrs. Lowndes," said D monia. "I know the way and shall have trouble alone."

"I might accompany you if——"

"Not for the worlo," interjected Demon "I am quite capable of taking care of m self. Good-night and good-bye."

The two clasped hands, and then Demon passed out into the night and walked aw in the darkness. There were lights aglea from the town below. Demonia, always se reliant, felt no fear as she walked on in the gloom.

Ten minutes later, the woman's broth entered.

"No train till morning," he said. "M Peprys will have to stop till then." The was a glad ring in the man's voice. H Demonia heard it she might have felt fla tered.

"Goodness, Tom Burling, have you ju come from the station?"

"I have——"

"And didn't meet Miss Peprys. Then sh has lost her way. She has been gone twen minutes. Go look for her, quick, To Something may have befallen the po child!"

Tom Burling turned away and sprang in the night.

CHAPTER VII

Demonia was returning without seeing t face of her dead husband. There had be a longing in her heart to look again up that face, but she felt that it could not gratified.

Dr. Rolfe Renhart had wooed and won bride on short notice. She had known h scarcely a month when the marriage to place. That he had a past it was natu to suppose. Demonia did not question hi about it. She knew he came from the We where a strenuous life works on the hea of men.

She realized now that it would have be well for her had she been less impulsi less in love with the doctor. The wou he had inflicted was deep and sore. It mig heal in time but she was sure she shou never forget.

Perhaps the deepest wound was to th girls pride. She had thought to flaunt h grand husband before the other girls Swampland and make them envey her g fortune.

As a child, Demonia had been laughed a Often she had been made the butt of ru jokes as the "Little Demon," "Frecklefa and the like.

Children are more often sensitive th otherwise. Although a self reliant girl, D monia had not been above this feeling. hated her taunters, spat in the face of rude boy who dubbed her "Miss De Freckles," and made a "holy show" of h self, her sister declared.

Demonia's childhood was not a happ one under the guiding hand of Aunt W liam. How then must she have rejoiced when handsome, kingly Doctor Renhart stepped into the ring and rescued her from her tormentors. Although a dozen years her senior, the doctor was almost a boy in feeling.

"Well, who'd a-thought our red-head would have beat out the handsomest girl in town and carried off the prize?" was the comment of the elders.

The sudden disappearance of the bridegroom had turned the table. Demonia as a deserted wife was not a success. Again her old rivals were pointing the finger. This was too much. Thus it was that Demonia induced her sister to seek a new field, even though old Aunt William protested to the point of tears. Harmonia was in full sympathy with her twin, and lost no time i aiding Demonia to escape from the scen of her recent victory and downfall.

In permiting such thoughts to wand across the filament of her brain, Demon almost forgot her surroundings. She w soon in a maze of doubt as to her whe abouts. She had missed the path wandered into a mass of mountain cedar

This was most unfortlunate. The tra might pass at any time. To be left anot night in the town was intolerable. In the girl floundered about in an inextric tangle of vines and shrubbery. The p was lost and she could not find it.

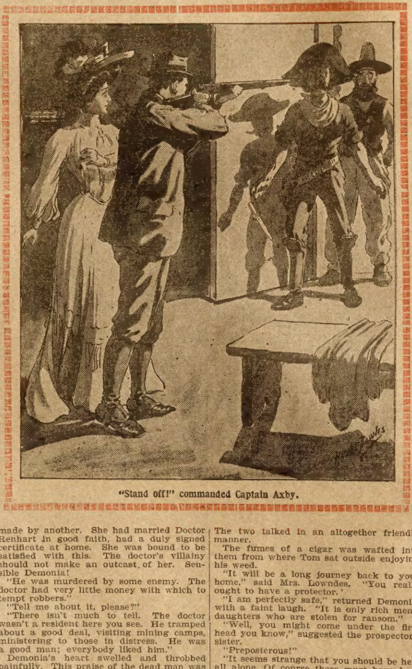
"O, dear! what shall I do?" she pant despairingly. She leaned wearily against strong-scented cedar and gave up the hope les struggle. Why it was she did not kno but with the knowledge that she was lo came a thought of Captain Axby.

The captain's face had haunted her late She had frowned the vision down, howeve for the sake of Harmonia. Her sister wa entitled to the captain. She—Demonia would not step in the way of the blond beauty again. It seemed odd too to thi that a man like the debonaire captain sho turn to her, the homely twin. Harmo was fascinating in a way that her ug sister could never hope to attain. Why th did the captain seem to favor her, a deserted wife?

It was not wholly a riddle. Demoni fortune was very much greater than sister's. But then the captain ought to been above mercenary motives since he w very wealthy himself. At any rate Demonia had been led to believe this to be case.

Demonia essayed further effort to escape She bungled even worse than before. And now came the face of Tom Burling into her brain. He had been kind to her. Where was he now? He was an old mountaineer and could help her in her extremity. She called his name, thinking to attract him to her pit of despair.

Immediately the sound of steps met her ear. It was Tom coming to the rescue. Instantly a pang of disgust swept the soul of Demonia. Her self pity was turned t shame. The steps approached swiftly. The a pause. A panting breath almost swe her cheek. Demonia trembled and shran from making herself known.



"Stand off!" commanded Captain Axby.

$3.75

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The best, handsomest and most perfect genuine American 14 karat gold plated watch ever offered for sale. Double hunting case, rich solid gold pattern of engraving, assorted designs. Fitted with the very best seven jeweled American movement, stem wind and stem set, absolutely guaranteed to keep perfect time for 20 YEARS. Positively the greatest bargain on the face of the earth. SEEING IS BELIEVING. Cut this out and send it to us with your name, post office and express office address and we will send the watch and a beautiful chain complete to your express office for examination. You examine them at your express office and if as represented pay express agent our sale price $3.75 and express charges and they are yours. Mention in your letter whether you want a Ladies' Watch or a Gentleman's Watch, we have it in both sizes. Order to-day as this advertisement will not appear again. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 356 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

"Where are you, Miss?" called a man's voice.

Instead of answering, the girl shrank closely into her nest of greenery. She was as silent as the grave. The voice was a strange one. It might be Tom, however, since he was really a stranger.

The speaker thrust out a forceful hand and grasped the rounded arm of shrinking Demonia.

"Ah, I have found you. Come with me."

Demonia asserted herself instantly.

"I can get on without help." She flung off his arm and essayed to walk away. Self pity was conquered. Her old independence asserted itself. The man laughed. This stung her to the quick. She sprang away directly into the arms of a second man.

"All right, Bill, I've got her safe as pudding!"

Demonia struggled like a wounded bird. A jeering laugh sounded in her ear. Then she was lifted from her feet and bourne away in a pair of muscular arms. Like a vise the arms closed about her. She could only breathe. To struggle was impossible.

"Drop me, you villain!"

She uttered the command with fierce emphasis. Her captor only pressed his bony arms the closer.

"Keep quiet, girl, or it'll be wuss for ye."

Only this and nothing more. The second man brought up the rear. He carried something in his hands which glittered in the starlight. Demonia soon discovered this to be a rifle. She was in the hands of outlaws! The thought thrilled her.

She made no further struggle, however. The men would appreciate docility, she thought. Whatever her danger it could not be mitigated by useless outries. Even in her troubles, Demonia was philosophical.

She had lost her bag in the brush. Her captor seemed to go over rough places with the ease of an antelope. In ten minutes he pushed open a door and entered some sort of a habitation

"Strike a glim, pardner."

A lamp was soon burning. The interior was that of a small room, girt about by ribs of rough wood. A solid structure fit only for a prison.

The man placed his captive upon a wooden box, the only article of furniture the place afforded.

"How'd ye feel, Miss?"

The man who spoke was a stout, swarthy rascal, with ferocious mustache.

"What is this for?" demanded Demonia, refusing to quail. Somehow she was not nearly as frightened as she felt she ought to have been. The whole adventure was novel in the extreme. These rough mountaineers had not offered to do her harm. It might be all a joke after all.

"We're Black Bravo's men," said her captor. "He sent us."

"To take me——"

"Ter fetch you, Miss."

"Where is this Black Bravo?"

"Not fur off," said the man. "You'll see him soon enough. He's a second Bluebeard. He eats little girls, and kills off his old wives fast as he finds new ones."

The fellow made the rafters ring with a coarse uproarous laugh.

"You have mistaken your prey," declared Demonia, coolly. She surveyed her captors with scornful, curling lip. "I am a stranger here. Mr. Bravo has never seen me——"

"Oh, yes, he has. The captain has an eye out for red-headed beauties. You'll adorn his castle on the Gila. I can't stand here all night. Rest a little, Miss, an' then you'll hev to travel ag'in."

The man turned and walked outside, accompanied by his companion.

Demonia sprang up quickly and tried the door which the bravo had closed behind him. It was of heavy oak and fastened securely. No possible exit in this direction. While examining the one window she heard voices beneath it outside, the voices of her captors.

"We'd better cut her throat, Bill, and go. The bag has the money. It won't do ter let er tel ltales yer know."

CHAPTER VIII.

Horrible words!

The captive shuddered. She was to be murdered for her money. Why could not the wretches be satisfied with robbery and permit her to live? A cruel fate had indeed overtaken her.

The voices were herd no more. Demonia waited for the assassins to enter. She waited an hour and they did not come. No sound broke the stillness of the night. Had the two villains gone for the bag and deserted her for good?

This thought brought a ray of hope.

Slowly the minutes passed. She thought of many things meantime. If fate had been less cruel she might have been an honored wife. Now—she shuddered while contemplating the facts. She was not even the widow of Doctor Renhart. This knowledge hurt deeply. But no one should ever know. Captain Axby above all others must not suspect the truth.

Why did her thoughts revert to the captain? Her experience with his sex had been anything but reassuring. He was no better than others; not quite as good as Rolfe, her Rolfe.

No, not hers, but Eulene's! The thought was maddening. Her position was most humiliating. Why should the face of Rolfe Renhart come up now? He had died a miserable death. He deserved all he got. And yet, she could not hate him. Ah! the inconsistencies of woman!

If she could only look upon his loved face nce more. But he was dead. Even if live he would not belong to her. Another oman had a stronger claim. In fact, she ad no rights whatever in the matter. ushes of shame suffused her cheeks. What Harmonia knew? But she need never ear the truth.

Demonia chafed under her bonds. Like a gress she paced her narrow prison. Her mall hands clinched. Her teeth indented er tender lip.

"The villains, to keep me penned up here! ere is he, Tom Burling? He would res- me if he knew. He was kind. I did an injustice at the outset. If he were y here now."

But he was not. She had chosen to dispense with his attentions and was paying the penalty. She was mad with envy of Harmonia. She never had any ill luck, and was always happy.

Demonia was not an angel. She had a brave, kind heart however, and might, under more favorable conditions, have lightened the toil of an honest man. She need not toil herself. She had money—a small fortune. What availed it now? The girl's thoughts were as wormwood and vinegar.

And thus the minutes waxed. Hours passed. The assassins did not come. They had undoubtedly abandoned her to her fate. Morning dawned with a white-faced little woman fluttering and beating her wings helplessly against her prison bars. In this instance they were ribs of wood. Too massive, however, to permit of hope of escape.

Exhausted with her night of peril and constant vigil, Demonia crouched down in one corner and fell asleep.

The report of a rifle caused her eyes to fly wide.

Demonia listened with wildly beating heart. Sunshine was stealing into the room through a narrow opening in one corner.

Footsteps sounded along the mountain path outside.

It might be the outlaws returning. Demonia held her breath. The steps were passing by. This must not be. The girl cried aloud for help.

Someone rattled the massive door.

"Hello!" called a masculine voice. "Who's in here?"

"It is I, Demonia!"

"Great Scott!"

There was sound of hasty punches against the framework of the door. In an incredibly short space of time the bulky, oaken frame swung on rusty hinges, and a man stood revealed. Demonia uttered a great, glad cry. Captain Axby stood before her.

He was clad in immaculate broadcloth. His mustache was waxed and curling as if just from the hand of the barber. He carried a repeating rifle in his right hand. This he leaned against the wall and stood half smiling, half scowling, upon the inmate of the place.

Demonia was instantly at his feet. She fell from sudden weakness, and began to cry.

He soothed her with a gentle hand. He fingered the massive coils of Titian hair with a tenderness amounting almost to reverence.

"Don't," he said. "You hurt me, Demonia."

She lifted her white face, streaming with tears. He had never thought her beautiful, but at that moment she seemed akin to it. He took her hand and lifted her up standing.

Her head came under his arm. Her hat lay crushed on the gorund. She was trembling like a little, worn out child. She was angry afterward at this silly exhibition of weakness, she who prided herself upon her self reliance.

"This is quite terrible," he continued. "When you are stronger we will go down the mountain. You must have suffered. Tell me how it all happened."

She did as requested in a few words, broken at intervals with sobs.

"Never mind. You are not to blame, dear child."

"Yes I am, wholly to blame," snapped Demonia, withdrawing from the tender circle of his arm, facing him with flushing cheeks and brilliant eyes, in which pearly tears still gleamed. Her old self was returning. She gripped the spirit and grew firm.

"I have been looking for you, Demonia," said he, at length. "You gave me a great fright. I called at the cottage where you have been stopping. The woman there said you went to the station last night. I soon learned that you did not arrive at the depot. I knew you had lost your way, but——"

Crashing steps cut him short. Captain Axby whirled, snatching up his rifle. Two men faced him. Demonia felt that they were her late captors. They were armed to the teeth, and were ill-favored in the extreme. She shuddered when she saw that they meditated mischief.

"Stand off," ordered Captain Axby.

"Fore heaven, heard de guy."

"Throw up your hands!"

The captain's voice rang sharply. The two cutthroats obeyed his order—which was backed by a leveled rifle.

"Miss Peprys, you will take these fellows' weapons."

Demonia walked forward and drew the heavy six-shooters from the belts of the two ruffians. She sprang hastily back to the door beside the captain.

"Now, then, march!" said Captain Axby, in a low, yet emphatic tone.

"Is this yere a joke?"

"It will be a joke with two dead cutthroats to emphasize it," retorted the captain. "If you are seen near Tiger City again I shall turn you over to the authorities. Go!"

The two outlaws sneaked away, muttering under their breath. Captain Axby turned smilingly toward his fair companion.

"Aren't you afraid they will do you harm at some other time?" she asked.

"Not the least danger. Men who will molest a lady are invariably cowards," said he. "Lean on my arm and I will take you to any place you wish to go."

Demonia had replaced her hat, and was herself again. She looked attractive at least, with her hair slightly tumbled, her cheeks glowing, her eyes full of unreadable lights. The captain of course, felt the influence of her charms.

"I wish to start immediately for home," said Demonia.

"You have had enough of the West?"

"Quite enough!"

"I do not wonder at it. You would have forbidden me to follow you. Now you must confess to the necessity of a proper escort."

He was smiling complacently. That angered her the least bit. Demonia felt that she owed this man much. Too much in fact, for her peace of mind. She was learning to like him better than she cared to own.

"Take me to some place where I can get something to eat. I am hungrier than a wolf."

She ignored his implied question. He continued to smile, however. The captain was overflowing with good nature. It was this very trait that angered Demonia. He never seemed to be quite in earnest. Even when his life was in danger he still smiled and was as calm as a summer day.

The two started to walk from the spot. Demonia refused his arm.

"You may need free use of arms before we get to a place of safety," she said. The weapons of the two cutthroats were carried by the captain.

"Trophies of war," said he, with a grim laugh.

How cool he was. He was a hero without seeming to realize it.

"Well," said he, as they halted an instant on a level bit of ground. "Did you satisfy yourself about that man—Doctor Renhart?"

"I did."

What did you make out?"

"Nothing of importance."

"He is dead?"

"There can be no doubt of that."

"Then you are a widow. Demonia I——"

"Are you sure you are on the right track, captain?"

Her voice broke in upon what he was about to say. His smile turned to a frown of vexation. He assured her that they were in the true way. Then he seized her hands and drew her to him.

A queer, wild flame lit his eyes. He held her fast one instant, then bent very close and said, hotly:

"Demonia, darling. I love you!" And then he kissed her.

Instantly there came a rush and a thud. Captain Axby went down like a log, bleeding at the feet of his companion.

This highly fascinating story will be continued in next week's Ledger, developing a most extraordinary situation. Any new subscriber or any one renewing a subscription is entitled to the Ledger free cameras and patterns as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

◆

ESTRANGED.

So near, she was when we two passed today
Upon the street, I might have touched her dress
As she swept by me in the hurried press
Of people passing on the public way;
So near, I might have whispered softly, "Stay."
And have been heard. But I who could caress
Her once unchided (since with tenderness
She loved me then) dared not this morn to lay
A finger-tip, as she walked lightly past,
Upon her gown; dared not to speak the word
That trembled on my lips the little while
I looked on her. Yet, oh my heart, as fast
She hurried by was that a sigh I heard?
And why have her sweet eyes lost their glad smile?

◆

THEIR AWAKENING.

The Hartmeres live on the second floor and the windows on one side face a long court. Looking down, they can see with ease into the corresponding windows of the first-floor flat on the opposite side of the court.

Not that they cared anything about that so long as the matter-of-fact Greys were the occupants of the first-floor flat. But the Greys moved out and presently another family began to move in. Mrs. Hartmere herself saw wagons from three different furniture stores draw up in front of the building and unload all kinds of beautifully new and polished furniture for the first-floor flat.

"Tom," she told Hartmere, excitedly, that night, "I believe the new people are bride and groom! All their furniture is brand-new!"

"You don't say!" cried Hartmere. "Their name is Grundelle—saw it on the letter box."

"And so many packages and boxes keep coming for them," added Connie, Mrs. Hartmere's sister. "I'd like to get a glimpse of her. I wonder if she has pretty clothes?"

Thereupon the Hartmeres shamelessly set out to spy upon their neighbors, upheld in their curiosity by the recognized fact that a bride and groom are always legitimate objects of public interest.

"She isn't going to have any dining-room rug!" breathed Mrs. Hartmere, as she peered down into the flat below. "And that table is mahogany—I can see from here."

"There's cut glass on the bottom shelf of the china cabinet," added Connie. "I can't see any higher. Oh, I warrant she has stacks of it! We certainly must call."

"Warm curtains over the den windows, aren't they?" continued Hartmere. "Weathered oak in there. Hope he turns out a sociable chap and asks one in."

"Pooh!" cried his wife contemptuously. "What will he want with you, and cigars and politics, when he's just married? He will want to watch her embroidering centerpieces and to congratulate himself on being so lucky as to get her."

The day that Connie really saw Mrs. Grundelle nearly drove that young person into hysterics. She clung to her sister and pretended to weep down her neck.

"Oh! oh!" she cried. "She came through the dining-room one way—a love of a house gown, pale blue and lace—and he was coming the other way, and you ought to have seen him put his arms around her and actually kiss her as though he hadn't seen her for a week! Touching! Oh, my! Oh, my!"

"You are an unfeeling wretch!" said Mrs. Hartmere, severely. "I'd like to know what else you'd expect? It would have been very queer if he hadn't kissed her, when they're just married! Is she pretty?"

"The curtains blurred so I couldn't tell," confessed Connie. "You'd better come and look—she has a heap of boxes that she's opening. I suppose they have wedding presents in them and she's putting things away. What fun it must be! You can just see the pride she takes in everything."

"Some one gave them a piano!" crowed Mrs. Hartmere, later in the day. "The men are just taking it around."

"From the groom's father," caroled Connie, joyously. "I'd like to see the chest of silver 'from the bride's parents.' Of course, there must be one, mustn't there?" she asked.

"Of course," said Mrs. Hartmere. "Her house gowns prove that. I wish she'd get settled, so she'd appear on the street, for I'd like to see her calling and reception frocks."

"Even the doormat looks bride-and-groomy," said Hartmere, when he came in. "Not a plain, sensible one—it has blue dewdabs all over it. And I heard him whistling as I came by. I'll bet they are hanging pictures! We hung pictures ourselves three years ago, didn't we?" he reminded his wife.

"What I think about them is that they're so frankly happy with all their new furniture and new home," said Mrs. Hartmere, sentimentally. "You can just feel it in the air. She flits around like an absurd child and he trots after her just as interested. Why, I expect to see showers of rice and flights of white doves every time I catch a glimpse of either of them, the dear things!"

When Hartmere came home that night he seemed distinctly grumpy. "You'll wait a long time before you see your rice and fricasseed squabs—wasn't that it?—you were mentioning this morning," he remarked. "Smith told me all about those Grundelle people. They've been married twelve years and their house burned down last month and they didn't save even a hairpin or a toothbrush and that's why everything's new!"

There was a dreadful, heartbreaking silence. Then Connie burst forth in speech:

"Why, the perfectly hateful, horrid things!" she almost sobbed. "Think of all the time we've wasted on them!"

◆

Their Wedding Trip.

When Mrs. Sutliffe passed through the laundry Monday morning Rindy was singing cheerily over her tub, and returned the lady's greeting with a smile even more radiant than usual.

"Well, Rindy, you look so happy—I'm sure the wedding came off in fine style!"

"No'm, the weddin' didn't come off at all," said Rindy quickly, a momentary shadow passing over her cheerful, black face.

"O!" cried Mrs. Sutliffe, with an instant sympathy, "I'm so sorry. Wasn't Isaac—" she began, then broke off quickly.

"O, yes'm, Isaac, he's all right!" Rindy beamed again. "An' we're goin' to be ma'rd all right jes' as soon as we kin. It was the Puhsiding Elder, Mis' Sutliffe—he done inte'fe'd!" Rindy frowned.

"I got the greatest' respeck foh the Puhsidin' Elder—you know, Mis' Sutliffe, and everybody knows, I'm secon' 'sistant sup'intendent of Sunday school myself!"—Rindy stood erect—"But sometimes folks is mighty puhtickler."

"Well?" encouraged Mrs. Sutliffe.

"Yes, Mis' Sutliffe, the Puhsidin' Elder done bust up our plans. I had my clo'es all ready, an' our weddin' trip was all planned"—Rindy's face grew cheerful with delighted recollection. "Ole Mis Howard—I done washed her clo'es foh seven years!—she puhsented us with 'scursion tickets-to-Niagry-Falls-'n'-retu'n!"—as rendered by Rindy this was one word. "An' the Puhsidin' Elder done raise an obstacle, as he says. Jes' 'cause I ain't quite finished gettin' my divo'ce from George he 'fused to ma'y me an' Isaac!"

Mrs. Sutliffe emitted an inarticulate murmur of sympathy and summoned out her reserves of self-control. Getting herself well in hand, she spoke. "Too bad you hadn't arranged that before your plans were made! Of course, you lost the Niagara Falls trip—the excursion was a limited one, I suppose?"

"Don't you worry 'bout that, Mis' Sutliffe!" said Rindy, radiantly reassuring. "Isaac ain't the man to 'low a little thing like an obstickle to inte'fe with his plans! Isaac's always philisiphyin, Mis' Sutliffe, an' he says to me: 'Rindy,' he says, 'we ain't never goin' to git no tickets to Niagry-Falls-'n-retu'n agin. We goin' to git ma'ed jes' as soon's that lawyer kin git yoh divo'ce; but we'll take our weddin' trip now, when it's all puhvided foh!'"

"An' so we done took the trip, Mis' Sutliffe," finished Rindy, joyously, "an' I don't believe anybody evah had a mo'e elegant honeymoon than me' n' Isaac—'spite o' that Puhsiding Elder, an' his obstickle."

◆

The Worrying Woman.

There is nothing more detrimental to beauty in woman than worry. The worrying woman invites the hand of time, which writes plenty of wrikles on her brow, around her eyes and mouth, paints her face yellow and gives a lackluster eye that no artifice can brighten.

It is quite unnecessary to worry, and it is a total waste of energy which could be better employed in doing something useful.

You know a worrying woman the moment you see her. Her character is written in her face in wrinkles which you would think nothing short of a miracle would obliterate.

Downright ugliness is a heavy price to have to pay for the possession of a bad habit, but there it is. And not only does worry directly influence the complexion for evil; its more remote effects are no less potent in robbing the face of the peachbloom tints which are the admiration of the poet, the painter and the general public. Worry affects the entire nervous system, and through it the liver and organs of digestion and the heart. A woman's thoughts have, more than anything else, the power to make or mar her beauty, so let her beware of worrying over much, lest she lose the greatest of all gifts.

◆

Window Stains.

Mrs. Justgott Hermunn—My new home has stained glass in all the windows.

Mrs. Notyet Butsoon—Now, that's too bad. Can't you find something that'll take it out?

◆

Paper from cornstalks is a recent invention. Such paper, it is stated, can be produced at one-third the cost of that produced from wood fiber and rags.

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All the world loves to laugh at a lover.

A big head is often the result of a few small ideas.

The man who is buried in thought has no funeral expenses.

All things come to the other fellow if you wait long enough.

Of course you earn an enormous salary—but do you get it?

A lot of gas is used in pulling teeth and popping the question.

During courtship an ounce of flattery is equal to a pound of caramels.

Some people take offense because there is nothing else lying around loose.

Milk of human kindness has but little in common with the cream of society.

There is nothing more unattractive than a silk hat that has outlived its usefulness.

Most elopements are due to the fact that there are no wedding presents in sight.

The railway conductor has troubles of his own without worrying about his wife's train.

Every cloud has a silver lining, but the trouble is that the majority of us are on the other side of the cloud.

Of course a man is justified in thinking that his wife isn't very bright—considering the kind of man she marries.

Opportunity knocks at a man's door more than once, but the trouble is that too often it wants him to go out and work.

People quite as resourceful as the French have fallen down in the attempt to take Mr. Rockefeller's money away from him.

To Senator La Follette, who has been a vegetarian for five years, all this fuss over the meat question seems an absurd waste of time.

A fleet of torpedo boats is to be sent to the Philippines, although it could find plenty of work at home fighting the mosquitoes along the New Jersey coast.

Perhaps it is so long between beats of a Philadelphia man's heart that the doctors who removed that organ from one citizen and sewed it up did not have to hurry about putting it back.

By the time all the states of the union, all the foreign countries and all the fraternal and religious bodies in the land have investigated the stockyards we may have a faint idea as to what is going on there.

Over 300,000 of the women of the United States have petitioned for the expulsion of Senator Smoot. In their opinion Mr. Smoot is a husband who needs to be uplifted by his coat collar and the slack of his trousers and tossed over the battlements.

THE MYSTERY OF THE DEAD ARM;

Or, THE RIVAL DETECTIVES.

By J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS.

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CHAPTER XII.

PUMP'S TRIUMPH.

For a moment nobody spoke.

Detective Pump glared at the new-comer with ill-disguised anger.

The new-comer, Keeneyes, smiled over his success at placing the whereabouts of Pump.

The girl of eighteen, whom Pump had addressed as "Miss Milbank," looked from one to the other with a white and startled face.

She had never seen either of them before; but Pump had informed her that he was a detective, and she had not yet recovered from that astonishment.

The girl was a timid creature, and an outsider would not have supposed from appearances that the house belonged to her, while the two men were simply visitors.

"Well, Pump," said Keeneyes, still smiling as he entered the room, "I am delighted to see you again, so soon."

He closed the door.

"Followed me, did you?" sneered Detective Pump. "Now, sir, I warned you not to do so. I shall go and seek protection from this persecution."

"Nonsense! Let us all sit down and rest at our ease. I follow you? How ridiculous! Why, my dear Pump, I can prove an alibi for the afternoon. Of course I knew you would come here. It wasn't necessary to follow you."

"You knew I would come here?"

"Of course I knew it."

"How could you know it?"

Keeneyes smiled. He turned to the girl. She stood trembling by the window.

"Miss Milbank," said Keeneyes, "I believe you were Mrs. Doctor Bradbury's maid, until three weeks ago?"

"Yes, sir. Do you want to see my father? He will not be home for about two hours."

"No, I do not want to see him, so long as you answer my questions. I am Keeneyes the detective. Has this gentleman informed you that he, also, is a detective?"

The girl bowed in on agitated manner.

"I am glad he was so frank," said Keeneyes. "I regret very much that I should have missed any of his visit to you, but I fancy he has not been here long."

Pump scowled, and half-turned his back upon his tormentor.

"Pump," said Keeneyes, politely, "Pray go ahead with your investigation, for you have the right of way."

"I have not the right of way while you are in it," growled Pump.

"Neatly put!" cried Keeneyes.

"So," said Pump. "I will postpone my business till a more seasonable opportunity."

"Then I will proceed with my business," said Keeneyes. "Pray remain, Pump, and hear it."

"Yes, that's exactly what I mean to do!"

"Good. Now, Miss Milbank, you tell me that you were maid in Mrs. Doctor Bradbury's house until three weeks ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long had you been her lady's maid, Miss Milbank?"

"About a year."

"She had other servants?"

"Yes, sir."

"A cook?"

"Yes, sir."

"A coachman?"

"A gardner; he attended to the horses, too."

"All of you were dismissed from service about three weeks ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just so. Why was it?"

"Mrs. Bradbury decided to do her own work."

"Exactly. She wanted the experience, so she could write an article for a magazine entitled, 'How I Hired Out as a Cook?' "

"I don't know about that."

"Then why did she want to do her own work?"

"I didn't ask her."

"But didn't you know?"

"I reckon she took a notion to."

"Exactly. Thank you. Very good. And you three were all dismissed at the same time?"

"Yes, sir."

"She wanted to take care of the horses, too, did she?"

"No, sir, the gardner was sent away because she didn't want him staying in the house. She didn't want to cook for him. She had a boy to come from town, to see after the stable."

"Thank you. And you three were dismissed at the same time?"

"Yes, sir."

"But isn't it a fact that you were at Mrs. Doctor Bradbury's after the others left?"

The girl did not answer.

"I say," inquired Keeneyes, "is it not a fact that you were——"

"Yes, sir," said Miss Milbank, nervously.

"Ah, thank you, thank you! Why didn't you leave when the others left?"

"Well, I—well, I staid awhile."

Pump now interposed. "Miss Milbank, I do not see any occasion for these questions. Keneyes—annoying you, and you do not have to answer him."

The girl's face brightened. She turned upon Keeneyes. "You have no right to come in my house and bother me this way,' she cried, suddenly, quite courageous, "and I won't stand it!"

"Why, my dear Miss Milbank!" cried Keeneyes, seemingly in much distress, "I had no idea you objected to answering my questions."

"Well, you know it now," the girl snapped, "for I object most emphatically!"

"I shall not ask you another question; of course," said Keeneyes. "Very good. Of course you know that I am the detective the city sent for, to investigate the mystery of the woman's dead arm. That is why I came to you. I knew you could tell me all about it.

"I am sorry you do not want to tell me what you know.

"I am sorry you know anything that you are afraid for law and justice to get hold of.

"It shows, my poor girl, that you were involved in that horrible deed!

"But I shall ask you nothing. I will bid you a pleasant afternoon, and when we meet again, do not blame me if it is in the cell of your city prison."

"Oh!" cried the girl, hysterically, "don't go away! Don't have me sent to jail. I haven't done anything wrong, I haven't, I haven't!"

"I do not think you have been wicked," said Keeneyes. "But you have been unwise in refusing to answer my questions."

"But I will answer your questions. I will answer anything. Don't let anything be done to me. I never meant to do wrong, and my poor father——"

"Yes, I understand you are a dutiful daughter," said Keeneyes. "'Then I will ask you a few more questions, if that is your wish."

"It is my wish. Please ask me anything."

In that case," spoke up Pump, "I want to have a hand in this."

"Go ahead," said Keeneyes, "You come first."

"Now, Miss Milbank," said Pump, "let's get right down to business. Since you've decided to tell the truth, you belong to my case, and I want the credit of you, myself. I'm not going to stand by and see a new man come in and get you for his case."

Pump cleared his throat threateningly, looked pugnaciously at Keeneyes and proceeded with his examination.

"Now, Miss Milbank," he said, " as I remarked to you, before this other so-called detective entered—for he wears no civic badge, I believe—I desire to learn all I can from you, and at the same time protect you from others. The presence of Keeneyes renders this impossible. I must proceed to interrogate you with him as a witness. It cannot be helped. Miss Milbank, were you ever in Chicago?"

"I've been there three times."

"Do you not think that pretty often for a girl of your limited means?"

"I have a cousin in Chicago."

"Oh, I know you have," Pump smiled. "You don't have to tell me that! I bet you have! Or, I should say you had. She isn't there now, is she? Come, Miss Milbank, she isn't there now, is she?"

"Why, no, sir, she has gone to Europe."

"Ha! ha! ha! Yes, to Europe! Of course, to Europe! She is a rich cousin, then, I make out?"

"No, sir, she went as a lady's maid."

"Oh, she did! Well she is gone, is she?"

"Yes, sir, she went to Europe."

"Anyway she isn't in Chicago, eh?"

"She couldn't be in Chicago if she has gone to Europe."

"Now, that's so," Pump chuckled. "Didn't go to any particular corner of Europe, did she? Just going to take in the whole of it?"

"I don't know," said the girl, beginning to shrink from Pump more than she had from Keeneyes.

"Now, Miss Milbank," said Pump, confidentially, "why not tell me the truth?"

"It is the truth," said Miss Milbank, b ginning to cry.

"Fie, young lady, fie, fie!" said Pum "Relieve that aching conscience. Tell n the truth. Where is your cousin? I sa where?"

"I have told you," the girl sobbed.

"Now, Miss Milbank, I am going to spe to you frankly. I have been sent to Litt Brook, to find the woman who has be shop-lifting in one of Chicago's largest d partment stores. On three different o casions, goods have been lifted in a m astonishingly adroit manner. The wom who did that shop-lifting has been iden fied in a general way. I have been a quainted with her dress, her height, etc."

The girl did not look up. Her face w still hidden in her handkerchief.

"I have traced that woman," Pump co tinued, "and I have done so successfully have followed her footsteps to this tow She came here about three weeks ago."

"Then," remarked Keeneyes, "you ha been a long time getting here to captu her."

"It took time to develop the trail," sa Pump with dignity. "I now have conclusi proofs that she came to this town ab three weeks ago.

"I have also learned, Miss Milbank, th three weeks ago, you went on a brief vi to Chicago. You were dismissed by M Doctor Bradbury the day you came ba Can you deny that?"

"I went to Chicago to see my cousin a to do some shopping. I was gone only t days."

"To do scome shopping—ha! ha! ha!. visit your cousin—yes, indeed!

"Why did Mrs. Doctor Bradbury dism you from service as soon as you ca home?"

"She decided to do her own work awhile."

"Oh, stuff, stuff!" cried Pump. "Stu

"Pump," said Keeneyes, "be a gen man!"

"Do you mean to insinuate that I am a gentleman?"

"I mean to insinuate that you do not like one, I will show you that I know to work the pump?"

"Sir?" cried Pump.

"Go ahead with your questions," Keeneyes, "but do not harass the lady."

"Well, Miss Milbank," said Pump, a a pause. "Is it not a matter of fact Mrs. Doctor Bradbury dismissed you cause she discovered, in some way, you was one of the notorious Chicago sh lifters?"

"Oh, no, no! You can ask her. She tell you that I never touched a thing in house"

"Prehaps you didn't. But you touc several things in Chicago. Miss Milba it is useless for you to protest your nocence. I know that your cousin was of those mysterious shop-lifters, and you are her accomplice. I tell you I it. I have traced the shop-lifter to town. Will you deny that?"

"I don't know anything about any sho lifter."

"Will you deny that that shop-lifter ca to this town?"

"I can't deny it, for I know nothing abo it."

"And it's well enough you don't deny for I know she came here, and three week ago!"

"Allow me to remark again," Keeneye observed, "that it has taken you a lon time——"

"Moreover," Pump interposed, "I hav this day beheld that shop-lifter. Do yo hear me, Miss Milbank? I have seen he with these eyes. Do you deny it?"

"I know nothing about it," said the girl.

"You do not deny that I have seen her

"I don't know who you have seen."

"But you know I have seen the sho lifter! She was exhumed from Doct Bradbury's garden, where you buried h Miss Milbank!"

"Where I buried her?" echoed the g starting up. "Who says I did? Who so?"

"You say so!" cried Pump. "You say by your excited manner, your pale fa and your expression of guilt. Be car what you say, Miss Milbank, do not a word to incriminate yourself, for in case, it will be our duty to report it justice."

"Is this possible!" murmured Keene as in a dream.

Pump smiled at him triumphantly.

"I have nothing to say to hurt mys said the girl, "for I know nothing what you are talking of. I heard tha woman was found in the garden, with arm cut off. I don't know anything a her."

"Be careful, Miss Milbank," said Ke eyes.

"Yes, be careful," said Pump.

"I don't have to be careful, for I am nocent. I don't know a thing on about that woman. I never knew she a shop-lifter or anything about her. know she isn't my cousin, for my cous on her way to Europe."

"Miss Milbank," said Keeneyes, "di you know that the woman whose co found, was in this town three weeks a

"No, I didn't!" cried the girl.

"And didn't you see her several tim and help to keep her staying in Little Br a secret?"

"No, I didn't!" cried the girl, still m violently.

"And," continued Keeneyes, "didn't carry her food more than once?"

"No, I didn't!"

"Keeneyes," said Pump, "quit a-hector ing over this girl. She belongs to my case and treat her more respectful!"

"I am amazed," said Keeneyes. "I am amazed!" He rolled his eyes at the ceiling.

Pump glanced at him somewhat suspic iously, but turned again to the maid.

"Miss Milbank, come! If you can be fran with me, without betraying yourself, it to your advantage to do so. I have no wis to bring you to justice as a shop-lif You are a poor and hard-working girl, you are a country lass, green and fool You visited Chicago several times.

your cousin, hardened and used to the world, got you into this trouble. Now, I would like to keep you out of this. All I want of you is to admit that the corpse found, is that of your cousin. That she confessed to you about the shop-lifting, and you connived at her hiding in Clarence Bradbury's bachelor home while Clarence was traveling.

"Moreover, I am here to tell you that I took a walk in the country this afternoon. Thanks to my amazing skill at detecting clews, I no sooner came to the culvert than my eye told me something was unusual in the hazel-thicket. I discovered there a man-trap, hastily buried.

"Now, Miss Milbank, your cousin while prowling around in Clarence Bradbury's house, was caught and killed in that trap. Her arm was fastened therein, and you cut it off in order to get the body hidden. You trundled it away on a wheelbarrow, whose single track I saw under the side-gate——"

"It was I who found that track," said Keeneyes, sharply.

"Oh, well, it is immaterial who found it," said Pump. "I saw it and connected it with Miss Milbank. Perhaps you found the man-trap in the hazel-thicket!"

"I knew all about it," said Keeneyes, "I didn't care where it was hidden. It was the same as if I had it before my eyes, broken swordblade and all."

Pump laughed.

"Oh!" he sneered, "you knew about it, did you!"

"My dear Mr. Pump," Keeneyes expostulated, "you will make Miss Milbank believe that we detectives are as jealous of each other as two musicians."

"I want to say now," cried the girl, that I don't know what either of you are talking of. I don't know anything about a wheelbarrow, and I don't know what a man-trap is. I don't know anything, except that my cousin has started to Europe, so the body couldn't possibly be hers. Whose it is, I don't know, and don't care. I didn't know anybody was hiding in Mr. Clarence Bradbury's house, and I don't believe anybody was. If there was, why didn't he find her? He came home every week and stayed over Sunday. Why didn't he find her, then? If he had a man-trap in his house, why didn't he say so? If that's why the arm was cut off, why didn't he tell the people? I left Mrs. Bradbury's service three weeks ago and it was only because she wanted to do her own work. I've never been to her house since that time."

"You didn't go back at night to her house, or to Clarence Bradbury's house?"

"No, I didn't! Of course I didn't!"

"I am driven to act," cried Pump, impatiently. "You won't treat me fair, Miss Milbank, and you won't let me befriend you. You deny everything and I've got to have you arrested. Keeneyes is cocked and primed to arrest you, and I've got to do it first, for you are primarily in my case, and I want the credit of you."

"Yes," said Keeneyes, "if you don't have her arrested, I will. I am very sorry; but you would not be frank, Miss Milbank, you denied too much. We will still give you a chance——"

"Go right ahead!" cried the girl, clenching her hands. "I've nothing to confess, and you can't prove anything. Go ahead!"

"Thank you," said Keeneyes. "I shall do so."

CHAPTER XIII.

EAVESDROPPING AS A FINE ART.

Keeneyes and Pump left together.

The maid, known to the reader as Miss Milbank, found herself alone in her cottage. From her window, she watched the two detectives passing along the street, on their way to make her arrest.

Her face wore the frightened expression of a wild creature, hunted to its lair.

She was indeed, a timid nature, and the occasional show of boldness and defiance which she had made, was in reality not the manifestation of a brave spirit, but the result of weakness.

"I wish you would keep an eye on her, Keeneyes," said Pump, "while I go to swear out a warrant against her."

"I should much prefer that you watch her," said Keeneyes. "I particularly want to arrest her myself."

"No," cried Pump, "she belongs to me and my clients."

"Well," said Keeneyes, "she can't get away from me, anyhow, and if she attempts it, it will both help to establish her guilt, and give me some excitement in hunting her down."

Pump chuckled.

He said: "I fancy I rather surprised you with the developments I brought about."

Keeneyes vouchsafed no rejoinder.

"Come!" said Pump, "admit that it was news to you that the woman whose arm was cut off, was this Miss Milbank's cousin."

"Yes," said Keeneyes, slowly, "I do admit that."

Pump was triumphant.

He went on: "So you see, while tracing my shop-lifter, I also got on the core of your mystery."

"But I found the body," said Keeneyes, "so after all, it was I who found your shop-lifter."

"You found a body, it is true," said Pump, "an unrecognizable corpse. To you it lacked the inherent beauty of identity. You did not know it was my shop-lifter."

"I did not know you had a shop-lifter," said Keeneyes, in justification.

"But you did not know that the body found, was the cousin of Miss Milbank!"

"Well, I must admit that was not among my assortment of concepts," returned Keeneyes, rather flippantly.

Pump expanded. "To tell the truth, Keeneyes, I didn't know Miss Milbank had a cousin. Now, this is how I worked my case—do I interest you?"

"Immensely. Pray divulge, my dear Pump."

"Well, I traced the Chicago shop-lifter to Little Brook, and found that she came here three weeks ago. I made up my mind that she must have hidden here in town until her arm was cut off (of course it must have been her arm that was found)."

"Oh, of course."

"Yes. And it occurred to me that Clarence Bradbury's deserted house would be a fine place for her to stay all that time. Then I found out that Lizzie Milbank had been Mrs. Bradbury's maid until three weeks ago; that is the next door to the deserted house.

"You see? I made up my mind that this Lizzie Milbank went in with the shop-lifter, but I wasn't sure.

"I went to the maid's house to find out.

"She was afraid as soon as she found out I was a detective. I played a bold hand. You saw it."

"Yes, I did," said Keeneyes.

Pump chuckled. "Then Lizzie Milbank leaked out that she had a cousin in Chicago who had disappeared—gone to Europe, as Lizzie said. I instantly knew that the cousin was my shop-lifter."

"You reached that conclusion," Keeneyes politely inquired, "by logical deduction."

"Just that way," Pump nodded.

"I heard it all," said Keeneyes. "I am glad I was there!"

"Yes," said Pump, "it was neat; very neat."

"Yes," Keeneyes remarked, "it was homely, but neat. It was plain, but neat. It was poor, but neat. Just so, my dear Pump. Precisely."

"I do not interfere with your work," said Pump. "You are here to find out whose arm was cut off. I have found it out instead of you. But I shall not take any more glory than people insist in heaping upon me. I confine myself strictly to my shop-lifting-case; if in unravelling it, I solve your mystery, too, please do not blame me. I am sorry——"

"Why, my dear Pump," cried Keeneyes, "you are as innocent of solving my mystery as the babe unborn. That's all right, friend. You will have Miss Milbank arrested at once?"

"In half an hour she will be in the county jail."

"Pump, would you mind putting it off till tomorrow morning?"

"You mean give her a chance to get away?"

"No," said Keeneyes. "I don't mean that. Why! if she tried to run, you and I could head her off."

"Yes," said Pump, "but I'm not hunting a new set of physical exercises. No, I can't accommodate you."

"Will you put it off till tonight?"

"What for?"

"For me."

"It is too long, Keeneyes. She might get away."

"Pump," said Keeneyes, patiently, "will you let her retain her freedom for one hour?"

"I am going to arrest her as soon as I can get the sheriff there," Pump declared abruptly.

"In that case," said Keeneyes, stiffly, "good day, sir."

"I am sorry to displease you, Keeneyes—"

"You don't look sorry," Keeneyes scoffed.

"I must consult my clients' interests first," said Pump, firmly.

All this time they had been walking rapidly toward the court house.

At this juncture, Keeneyes wheeled about, and left his former companion.

Keeneyes looked offended.

Pump glanced after him suspiciously, but if he thought Keeneyes intended to return to Lizzie Milbank to interrogate her on his own account, the suspicion proved without support.

Keeneyes went rapidly in another dicertion. His displeasure with Pump had been assumed for affect. Keeneyes was entirely too good a detective, to let himself be made angry by the conduct of others. A true detective cannot afford to lose his temper, lest he loose a clew with it. Perhaps if more Christians were true detectives, it would be better for the formation of their characters.

Keeneyes bent his steps in the direction of Clarence Bradbury's house.

It was not his intention, however, to enter the deserted cottage of the bachelor brother.

His design was to get into Doctor Bradbury's house without being discovered.

As it was about half-past four on a particularly bright June afternoon, and as Doctor Bradbury's house stood upon one of Little Brook's most traveled streets, the undertaking was not without its charm of difficulty.

From afar, Keeneyes surveyed the house. It gave no sign of life, but the detective was persuaded that two persons at least were in that house.

Doctor Bradbury was not one of them, for the old physician was down town discussing with the citizens the all-absorbing topic of the town, namely, the discoverery of the one-arm corpse in his back garden.

As Keeneyes drew near the doctor's mansion, he watched to find if any one moved at the windows. When he came to the gate, his plan was formed.

Without making the least noise, but with no appearance of seeking to avoid doing so, he went to the front door and opened it.

Without hesitation he passed into the front hall, closing the door behind him.

The parlor-door stood open, but the detective did not even pause to look into the chamber.

He was convinced that the two persons whom he sought were in the rear of the house. The door at the end of the hall was closed.

Keeneyes paused to listen, then opened the door and entered a dining-room.

It was deserted.

He closed the door behind and crossed to the opposite door. It was locked on the other side.

Keeneyes smiled.

He slipped back to the hall door and pushed the catch, that no one might discover his presence from the front hall.

Then he returned to the locked door, and on his way, picked up a split-bottom chair.

Having reached the door, he softly set the chair at the crack of the door, seated himself crossed his long legs, and listened to the voices of two persons who were conversing on the other side of the door.

He listened at his ease, and with a complete absence of anything that in the remotest degree resembled compunction.

After all, perhaps it is just as well, that all Christians are not detectives.

CHAPTER XIV.

TWO WOMEN IN THE CASE.

Keeneyes recognized the voices which came distinctly to him through the crack of the dining-room door.

Lolling back in one of Doctor Bradbury's split-bottom chairs, with his long, thin legs extended rigidly before him, heel by heel, and his hands thrust into his pockets, he listened at his ease.

One voice was that of Mrs. Bradbury. He heard it say, "No, I will not!" in an unpleasant excited tone.

The other voice was that of Mrs. Bradbury's former lady's maid, Lizzie Milbank. It was pleading for something.

Keeneyes had been quite sure that as soon as he and Pump were out of sight, Lizzie Milbank would hurry to Mrs. Bradbury. He smiled triumphantly.

"No, I will not!" Mrs. Bradbury said, again, more sharply and more excitedly.

There came a sob from Lizzie Milbank.

Mrs. Bradbury said: "You might just as well go on back home. You mustn't be here. I don't want anybody to find you here."

"They will arrest me," wailed her former maid.

"I have nothing to do with that."

"But they will arrest me as a thief, Mrs. Bradbury, as a thief! Oh, you know I am not a thief."

"Lizzie," said Mrs. Bradbury, distinctly, "I will appear as a witness to your good character. Don't be frightened. I will tell them that you are as honest as myself. They can't do anything to you."

"But I will be put in jail, Mrs. Bradbury. Oh, they will put me in jail! I will be disgraced!"

"You will soon be cleared, child."

"Maybe I wouldn't be—maybe I wouldn't! Nobody knows, when they get you in jail once."

"Tut, tut, Lizzie! don't be foolish."

"But just going to jail—I can't stand it, Mrs. Bradbury! I would never get over it. Think of sleeping there at night! And my poor old father——"

"Now listen to me, Lizzie. I will see that your father is comfortably provided for. I will be much better to him than you could. I will see that he never comes to want. I will give him regularly double what your wages were."

Lizzie sobbed.

"And besides that," said Mrs. Bradbury, they will clear you. What can they prove against you?"

"Oh, I don't know. First I told them I quit work here three weeks ago and never came back, and afterwards when I was excited, I admitted that I had been here since."

"Did they notice it?"

"I don't know whether they did or not. They didn't say anything."

Mrs. Bradbury was silent awhile. She was thinking deeply.

Lizzie spoke. "They believe that the woman whose arm was cut off, is my cousin of Chicago."

"Indeed? and where is your cousin?"

"She has just started for Europe."

"Couldn't you prove that easily enough?"

"But they won't listen to me. They laugh at me. At least the ugly one does."

Keeneyes grinned with delight. So he, at least, was not "the ugly one!" That was something good to tell Detective Pump, at a later day.

There was an oppressive silence in the back room. Suddenly Mrs. Bradbury spoke, and her voice now had a new ring. Lizzie Milbank was too excited to notice the change.

"Lizzie," she said, "Stay here till I come back. I will see what I can do to save you. Trust in me. I am your friend. I will not be gone long——"

Keeneyes heard no more. At the words, "Stay here till I come back," he had risen hastily. After replacing the split-bottom chair, he hurried from the dining-room. He traversed the front hall, but paused upon the doorstep.

Presently he heard a door close.

Then he rang the bell.

He waited a good while, then rang again.

Death-like silence reigned in the house.

Keeneyes rang again.

Then a footstep was heard, and young Mrs. Bradbury opened the door.

"Good evening," said Keeneyes, genially, "you are, I believe, taking notes on 'How I Hired Out as a Door Maid?"

"Sir?" said Mrs. Bradbury, coldly. She would have spoken haughtily had she not been too excited. A red glow gave an added charm to the pretty face.

"May I speak with you a few moments, madam?" Keeneyes asked, deferentially.

Mrs. Bradbury hesitated.

It was evident that she was making up her mind to some momentous decision.

Presently she said: "The fact is, Mr. Detective, you are the very one that I wanted to see!"

"Why, how fortunate I am!" cried Keeneyes. He followed her into the parlor.

She addressed him: "Will you kindly tell me first, the object of your visit?"

"By no means, madam. My business must wait for yours. Let me obey you in all things."

"I am in a most difficult situation," said the young wife, speaking with great, or apparent, impulsiveness.

"Nothing is more interesting," murmured Keeneyes.

"Mr. Detective, you told me to face your suspicion—but it is too ridiculous for me to repeat."

"It is not too ridiculous for me to repeat said Keeneyes, "if it would expedite matters in any way, my dear madam."

"You accused me of—of——"

"Exactly so," said Keeneyes.

"It is my duty to defend myself, even at the sacrifice of another," said Mrs. Bradbury.

"My dear madam," said Keeneyes, "hear me first. After all, I will state by business first, since that was your desire. I know that you buried your sister's corpse in your husband's garden. I know all about the severed arm. Why! the man-trap, itself, has been found by that bungling detective, Pump. Now, when I was about to tell your husband that you were the agent in that terrible night's tragedy, you overturned your chair.

"That was a signal for me not to proceed. I honored that signal. I did not proceed. Nobody in this town suspects the truth.

"Now, why did I come to you just now?

"Well, you will remember that, to reward me for hiding your conduct of that fatal night of three weeks ago, you were to do me a great service.

"I have come here briefly to outline that service. Are you ready to hear what I want you to do, as a reward for preserving my secrecy?"

"Sir," said Mrs. Bradbury, coldly, "you have entirely misunderstood me. I told you before, and repeat it with emphasis, that I never had a sister, or brother."

"Then why did you agree to do me a great service."

"I did not agree to any such thing."

"Then why did you overturn the chair?"

"That was an accident."

"An accident, madam?"

"It was. I agree to your terms, indeed! I don't know what you mean! I have no sister, and, I am not in the habit of burying bodies in people's gardens!"

"How singular that I made this mistake," murmured Keeneyes. "Do you know, my dear Mrs. Bradbury, it did not once occur to me that the overthrowing of your chair might have been an accident!"

"A good many things have not occurred to you!" said the mistress of the house, sternly.

"Yes, ma'am," said Keeneyes, humbly. "I thought you upset the chair to keep me from telling your husband that you had buried your sister's corpse in the garden."

"Well, I never had a sister, and I upset the chair in rising. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

"I am glad you do. And now I will come to my business with you, since yours with me is disposed of."

"Thank you, madam."

"No one can deny that somebody's corpse was found in my husband's garden," said Mrs. Bradbury, speaking with slow and calculating deliberation.

"It is refreshing when anything can be found that everybody agrees upon," remarked Keeneyes, as she paused.

"A body was found there," she waved him aside. "a body some one trundled in a wheelbarrow from my brother-in-law's house."

"Precisely. Some one did it. That is another point gained, Mrs. Bradbury. But who was it, if not yourself?"

"Mr. Detective, I am not alone in this house. A poor hunted creature is even now waiting for me in a rear room, until my company shall have gone."

"Pray do not let me detain her," said Keeneyes, rising. "I will go at once."

"No, hear me out. You will please not interrupt me again. This creature is under a singular delusion. Her mind is unhinged. She fancies that she has been in my employ right along, although I dismissed her three weeks ago."

"You speak of the cook?"

"No, of my maid."

"Well, if she also imagines that she has been paid her wages right along, it seems no great matter."

"It is a greater matter than it seems, Mr. Detective."

"There!" Keeneyes exclaimed, "I have interrupted again. Pardon me, and explain, madam!"

"I am convinced, Mr. Detective, that this Lizzie Milbank found her cousin caught in Clarence Bradbury's house in a man-trap, and that rather than find her cousin's body found in such a telltale position, she cut off the arm and buried her in our garden."

"Astonishing!" cried Keeneyes. "That is exactly what Pump, thinks, and he has gone to have Miss Milbank arrested!"

"He is quite right," said Mrs. Bradbury, "though it cannot be held a crime, can it, for poor Lizzie to try to hide her cousin's guilt?"

"But, Mrs. Bradbury, Pump thinks that

(Continued on page fourteen.)

KNOWS NOW

Doctor Was Fooled by His Own Case for a Time.

It's easy to understand how ordinary people get fooled by coffee when doctors themselves sometimes forget the facts.

A physician speaks of his own experience:

"I had used coffee for years and really did not exactly believe it was injuring me although I had palpitation of the heart every day.

"Finally one day a severe and almost fatal attack of heart trouble frightened me and I gave up both tea and coffee, using Postum instead and since that time I have had absolutely no heart palpitation except on one or two occasions when I tried a small quantity of coffee which caused severe irritation and proved to me I must let it alone.

"When we began using Postum it seemed weak—that was because we did not make it according to directions—but now we put a little bit of butter in the pot when boiling and allow the Postum to boil full 15 minutes which gives it the proper rich flavor and the deep brown color.

"I have advised a great many of my friends and patients to leave off coffee and drink Postum, in fact I daily give this advice." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Many thousands of physicians use Postum in place of tea and coffee in their own home and prescribe it to patients. "There's a reason."

A remarkable little book "The Road to Wellville" can be found in pkgs.

What Did the Cook Say?

One of the State legislators entered an Albany restaurant last evening and ordered a porterhouse steak. When the portion arrived it did not quite appeal to him as being sufficiently cooked. He called the waiter.

"Would you kindly take this back to the cook and tell him to broil it a little more?"

"Sure," replied he of the white coat. This is how the polite request was handed to the cook:

"Say, Bill, that fat guy backed away from this piece of horse. He wants a little more fire on it, or it's all up with you and your little pots. Get a move on, or you'll have him butting in here, and calling you by your real name. See?"

Breaking the News.

Passer-by—"Is that your pork down there on the road, guv'nor?"

Farmer — "Pork! What d'ye mean? There's a pig o' mine out there."

Passer-by—"Ah, but there's an automobile just been by."

JOKES AND

Gentlemen of Leisure.

Kind Lady—"What a nice little girl you are! Is your father in business in this city?"

Little girl—"Business! My papa doesn't have to bother about business."

"Ah! Gentleman of leisure, then?"

"Yes'm; he's a detective."

Fashions in Sleeves.

Dresses are very much worn this season, especially about the elbows, and it will be found that long sleeves will wear much longer if small leather knee-caps are made for the elbow joints. Cut from soft black leather a circular piece, three inches in diameter. Nail it to the elbow with a few small tin tacks. These additions are quite ornamental, and an immense saving to the sleeve.

How it Happened.

Wife—at the theater—See here, George; you said your only object in going out was to see a man named Smith, who owes you money. What does that odor mean?

Husband—Um—er—the fact is, my dear, Mr. Smith is short of cash tonight, and, as he could not pay my bill, he insisted on treating me. I had to accept, of course. It doesn't doe to offend a slippery creditor.

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

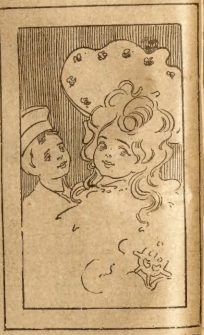
Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

A Good Opinion of Herself.

He—I saw the prettiest girl in town on the street this afternoon.

She—Aren't you mistaken, sir? I haven't been out today.

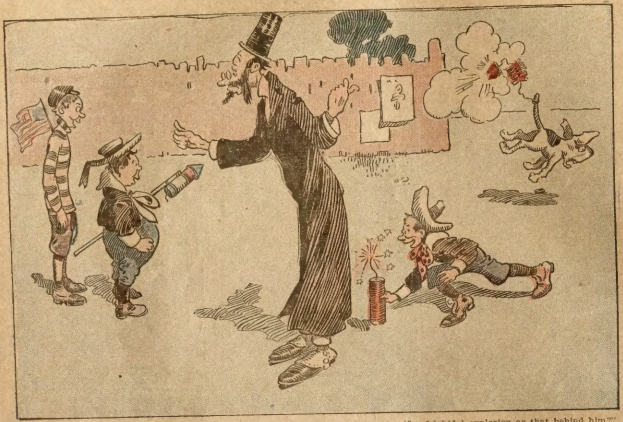
Sugar.



Edna—"Georgie, doesn't my hair look to sweet for anything in this style?"

Georgie—"I should say so. Why, it loo as though the only comb suitable for su a sweet puff would be a honey-comb."

WOULD FIND OUT.



"Cruel boys! How do you suppose a human being would feel with such a terrific, frightful explosion as that behind him?"
"Wait jest a minute, mister, an' you'll find out."

A Shocking Statement.

Miss De Pink—trying to get the conversation in a pleasant groove—"I was so shocked while reading Max O'Rell's book today. He says in America the girls do the proposing. Isn't it contemptible in him to print such a slander? Mercy! Why, any self-respecting American girl would die before she'd let a man know she loved him. The idea of our girls proposing!"

Mr. Bashful—"Don't they?"

"Of course not."

"I—I'm very sorry, because I never, never could pluck up courage to propose to a girl. I feel very blue to think a girl would rather die than—let me know she wanted to marry me. I—I guess I'll go home. Good-by."

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Don't go. I—I love you. Mercy! I nearly lost you. Sit down on this sofa, my darling."

An Accomplished Tramp.

First Tramp—"Hello, pard, you look as if you'd been in clover."

Second Tramp—"I was—been six months in Chicago."

"I most starved there."

"I didn't. I can beg in ninety-three languages."

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The Editor's Weak Point.

Future Greeley—"Have you any vacancies on your editorial staff?"

Busy Editor—"No, sir; no, sir. Good da——"

Future Greeley—"I'm sorry you haven't, because it's my only chance to get a position in this town."

Editor—suspiciously — "Eh? Have you been working on the Daily Blower across the way? Did you come to me after being discharged from that miserable sheet?"

"Oh, no, sir; I never worked on that paper."

"Oh, you didn't? Then, I suppose, you applied for a position on its editorial staff, and——"

"Editorial staff?"

"Yes."

"Editorial staff! Bless you, no. I didn't suppose from the looks of the sheet that it had any."

"Young man, your hand! Sit down! Have a cigar! I'll see what I can do for you."

Opinion of the Stepmother.

A Pittsburg widower away from home married a widow of the usual type, "plain," but "good." After his marriage he telegraphed to the eldest of the children, a girl of fifteen:

"Have won a prize. Am married. Will be home tomorrow."

When the bride and bridegroom arrived the children were watching at the door, and at sight of their future mother gave a little gasp of consternation.

The second child, a boy nudged his sister and whispered:

"Say, Nell, that must have been the consolation prize that pa got!"

The Nose an Indicator.

Two friends met one day after a long absence. One of them had a very ruddy complexion, and his nose was carmine. The other looked into his face and said:

"Ah, John, I doot——"

But John said he was not to be judged by appearances, as he only drank one glass of beer in a day.

"Oh, weel," said the other, "yer face is mabe like oor gas-meter—it registers mair than it consumes."

Fashions in Pistols.

Gentleman—in Chicago gun store—"I want a pistol."

Dealer—politely—"Yes, sir. Here is a small, plain weapon, usually bought for defense against footpads. Here is a silver-mounted beauty, very popular for shooting sweethearts; and here, sir, is our shef-doover, full-jeweled, rolled-gold plate, all the rage now for shooting wives."

Unexpected.

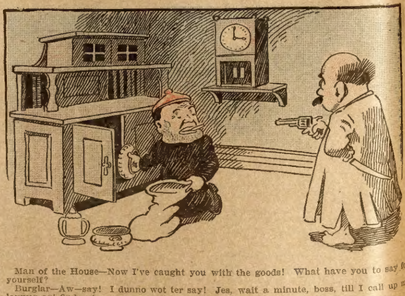
The street car conductor nerved himself for the approaching battle.

"Madam," he said, stepping alongside the elderly passenger with the aggressive nose, thin lips, and sharp chin, "you'll have to pay fare for that boy."

"Certainly," she answered, opening her purse and taking out a coin. "I expected to pay for him, sir. Do I look like a person that would try to beat the company out of three cents?"

"Madam," he gasped, "you do! That's what fooled me!"

HIS LEGAL RIGHT.



Man of the House—Now I've caught you with the goods! What have you to say fo yourself?

Burglar—Aw—say! I dunno wot ter say! Jes, wait a minute, boss, till I call up mi lawyer an' find out.

How It Happened.

Blinks—How in the world did you happen to get such an ill-fitting suit of clothes?

Jinks—sadly—My credit had run out at the ready-made clothing stores, and I was obliged to get a suit made to order.

The Eternal Question.

Mrs. Stingy—What do you want to lea us for, Bridget? I'm sure we have treate you as one of the family.

Bridget—Indade, an' you hov, ma'am, an Oi've stood it long enough.

JOLLITY

A Wise Head.

Pretty Daughter—"Mother, when will I of age?"

Mother—"When you are eighteen."

"Can't I get married before that?"

'Indeed, you shan't. Not a day."

Homely Daughter—"Must I wait until am eighteen, too?"

Mother—"No-o—er—my dear. You have ich an old head on your shoulders that am sure you will choose wisely. Marry hen you like."

In the Woods.

Woodby Witte—"Does the dogwood tree er growl?"

Justin Funn—"I don't know; but it has pretty rough bark."

FLY.

A fly and a flea in a flue
Were imprisoned. Now, what could they do?
Said the fly: "Let us flee!"
"Let us fly," said the flea—
So they flew, through a flaw in the flue.

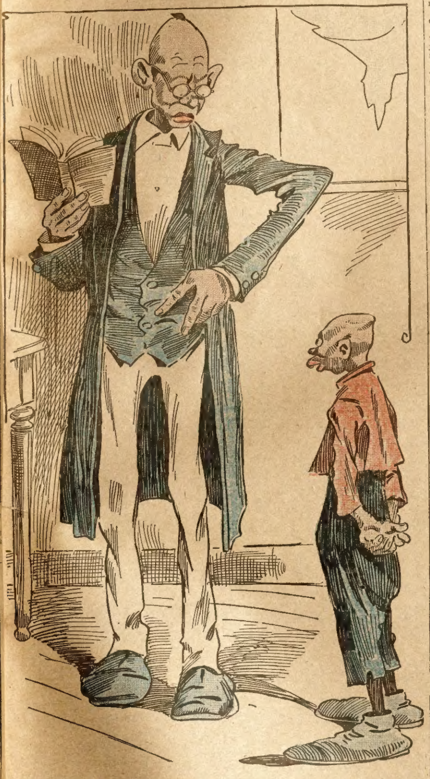
Newrich—How'd you get along at the dinner?

Mrs. Newrich—Fine. When they eat pie with a fork, I done it, too, so as not to let 'em see their break.

Ages Got Mixed.

"I had occasion not long ago," said "Private" John Allen, in conversation with "Uncle Joe" Cannon, "to visit a certain hospital where an old friend of mine was convalescing. He was being fed on a daily diet of egg and sherry. When I asked him how he liked it, he replied:

" 'John, it would be all right if the egg was as new as the sherry, and the sherry as old as the egg.' "



Teacher—Sam, who war de 'stronges' man in de worl'?
Sam—Jonah, sah.
Teacher—Wha' makes yo' fink dat, chile?
Sam—Kase when de whale had 'im down he couldn't hold 'im.

The Way Now.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to your employer, sir," she said.
"I don't get much salary, my pretty maid."
"Then I won't marry you, sir," she said.

Not the Same.

"Public office holders," said Cityman, "are only servants after all."

"Yes," replied Suburbs, "and I wish we ould get a servant who would hang on like ey do."

Knew What He Wanted.

The Man—Do you keep typewriter supplies?

The Clerk—Yes, sir.

The Man—Well, give me a box of caramels and a package of chewing gum.

Two Criticisms.

Two groups of persons were seated in a railroad station. One consisted of a fashionably attired pair, the other a pair who looked as if they were from the country. They had been there only a few minutes when a girl came in whose complexion was as nearly perfect as anything in this world ever is. While she was buying her ticket the young man remarked to the ladies with him:

"Isn't Miss Cransford a beauty? Her complexion is as perfect as a rose."

At the same time the other man clutched his wife's arm, and whispered:

"Lord, Nan, hasn't that gal got a purty hide?"

The Wise Tramp.

Tramp—Please, ma'am, couldn't you spare me a little——

Housekeeper—Go right away from here, or I'll call the dog, you lazy, dirty——

"Yes, ma'am; that's what I was about to remark. I'm travel-stained from my long journey, and I wanted to ask if you wouldn't spare me a little soap?"

"Soap? Soap? Mercy on me! Is the world coming to an end? Walk right in, sir, and stay to dinner. You're more than welcome."

Scientific Researches.

Wife—time, midnight—"Pretty time of night for you to come home—and in such a condition, too."

Husband—"M'dear, it's—hic—only fright. I sthopped in at zee michoscrohopic s'iety rooms and, mi'dear, I looked at shome water in michroschope, mi'dear—zhe water we drink, mi'dear; and, sure zi live, mi'dear, I shaw it full of snakes. Mershy on me! Zhe 'em yet."

Sudden Loss of Faith.

Doctor Pill—at medical meeting—What's the matter with Doctor Physic tonight? He appears to be in a terribly bad humor—nothing but impatience, irascibility, and slure every time the wonderful progress of medical science is mentioned.

Doctor Powder—He has had rheumatism for six weeks, and all his brother physicians who were called in only made it worse.

The Deadly Cake.

Miss Fitz—I'm so glad you called, Mr. Gushington. I've just baked a cake for Willie's birthday. Won't you have a piece of it?

Mr. Gushington—I'm afraid Willie will object.

Willie—Naw! You ain't no purtickler friend o' mine. I don't care what happens to yer.

A Long Wait.

Policeman—Here, move on! Why don't you go home?

Tramp—with dignity—I'm waiting for me coachman.

Such Is Fame.

BeJinks—Punston is certainly a witty chap, isn't he?

LeBlinks—Yes. Every time he opens his mouth a funny crack is noticeable.

Nothing But the Truth.

Mr. Askitt—What age would you rather have lived in, Miss Thirtiodd?

Miss Thirtiodd—In the birthdayless age, I think.

A Common Error.

Some men imagine they can sway
The listening, eager crowd;
Not that they have great things to say,
But just by talking loud.

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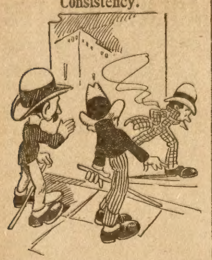
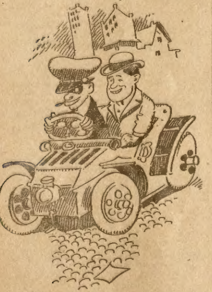


Green—There's a man that lives by his wits.

Brown—A poor living he makes. Why, he goes around half-dressed.

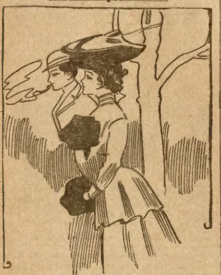
Green—Well, you see he's only half-witted.

Curiosity.



Gunner—I think there should be woman mail carriers.

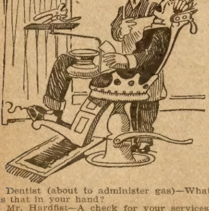
Guyer—Great Scott! The street would be blockaded all day with carriers reading postal cards.



Charity worker—I visited an awfully poverty-stricken family today.

Jack—Were they so very poor?

Fearful. They are so poor that they keep 10 dogs.



Dentist (about to administer gas)—What is that in your hand?

Mr. Hardfist—A check for your services. Please take it from my hand while I am unconscious. I want this extraction to be entirely painless!

THE OLD TIME SALUTE.

'Most ever' place has got a gun o' some kind nowadays—
The guve'nmint is givin' cannon ever' whichaways—
An' when th' Fourth is welcomed in they load th' gun an' shoot;
But, say, it isn't nothin' to th' good old time salute.

Remember how we use' to do? We didn't need no gun.
We'd get a pair o' anvils an' we'd wait the risin' sun,
A shiverin' a little bit when the' cold wind 'ud strike—
But when we shot th' anvils off—well, that 'uz somepin' like!

We'd set the biggest on th' ground an' keerfully we'd drop
Some blastin' powder in th' hole that's sunk in to the' top,
An' then we'd make a primin' fuse, an' put th' little one
On top th' other—There you've got th' finest kind o' gun!

We'd have some iurn rods red hot an' still a heatin', too,
An' when th' sun's first ray 'ud come th' gray clods streakin' through
We'd tech th' iurn to th' fuse—an' all of us 'ud scoot
To safety when we shook th' ground 'ith that old time salute.

Th' cannons ain't as good, no, sir. When me an' you was boys—
I leave it to you now—them anvils made th' biggest noise!
I wonder if they is a place where still they like to shoo
The anvils jest at early dawn in that old time salute.

Clavering's Change of Mind.

"Clavering—Herbert Clavering."

Carhart put out a hand with a rush of incoherent words. Of all men, to find Clavering here.

Clavering gave him but little opportunity to put questions. His surprise had been less demonstrative than his friend's; but a twitching of the muscles of the mouth denoted that this meeting had not left him quite unaffected. He began to question Carhart himself—rapidly, a little nervously, scarce waiting for his replies. He was traveling? Had come with a view of making some study of the Indian settlement still taking up the farther slope of the mountains? A sketching tour? And so he kept these things up.

"You are my guest for tonight, whatever your plans. In any case, these clouds bode no good to travelers in these wilds. I can't give you metropolitan fare. But, perhaps, you will put up with something plainer for the sake of old friendships and old days."

As he spoke, Carhart was realizing the full change that had befallen the man who once—and that but a few years before—appeared so placid amid the great ranks of active strugglers, and so endowed for the brilliant work and the glittering results of life, that his rapid climb to worldly eminence was accounted one of inevitable sequence. Alas for the rock against which this promising career had shivered almost at its outset! But why desert? That was what Clavering had done—left England for the United States, and had made his home in the far West. Better, Carhart thought, as he looked at him, have made an attempt to float the ship anew to weather the gale.

With the life of those to the manner born, he had in part adopted their mode of dress and something of their manner. This seemed to Carhart to have been done out of a sort of bravado—as a species of flaunting assurance that he was amply content with the changed conditions of existence he had chosen. He had aged in these five years. There were on his face bitter lines and hard lines, that silently spoke the disappointment he would have doggedly denied. Carhart saw that, however much he might regret the rash step which had led him to leave the world and bury himself in these mountain wilds, he would never open his lips in confession of his mistake.

The black cloud had rolled downward, blotting the farther peaks from sight, and in the deepening purple light that filled the air the small log house stood in sharpened relief beside its patches of stunted pines, vividly green.

Carhart dismounted from his horse, and followed Clavering across the threshold with some singular sensations. The latter caught the fleeting expression on his face.

"You don't get over your surprise at finding one at this remote distance from your vaunted civilization?"

"Of course I am surprised. You left no trace behind you."

"My determination to break with all your sophistications was clearly enough announced."

"Yes, I knew the life you meant to lead. Nevertheless, I was surprised to find you here."

"You did not believe I would carry out my resolve?" laughed Clavering, shortly. "You see that you were mistaken."

The rain had come on in a sudden rush of wind that chased whirling leaves wildly before it. The taller pines bent and swayed. It had grown somberly dark in the bare room. Clavering—a powerful figure in high boots, loose flannel shirt, short jacket—stood an instant in the doorway looking up at the fierce play of the unchained elements. Then he turned and hung up his wide-brimmed hat against the wall.

"As I told you before, you will have to put up with plain fare."

Then Carhart became aware of the entrance of a young girl into the room. She was slim and supple as a willow bough. She moved, making deft preparations for the simple meal, with the smooth, sliding, grave step of the aboriginal race—the race that lived close to the soil. Her straight black hair was bound up into heavy hanging braids. Her shy eyes looked out from under straight black brows. She was very fair—almost white.

Carhart had never believed in beautiful half-breeds. His eyes fastened themselves upon her until he felt their persistence and impertinence. His fingers itched to be at pencils and brushes and canvas.

When the storm passed away, it left an uneasy, shifting mass of torn clouds. A watery moon looked out in fitful gleams. Already the sandy soil was sucking up the moisture rapidly.

The two men sat in the faintly illumined darkness before the door. The short pipe in Herbert Clavering's bearded lips gave out at intervals a throbbing spark of pale-red light.

There was a long silence. It was fraught, for Carhart, with anxious self-questioning, with hesitancies. Finally he spoke.

"I shall be going on tomorrow morning, Clavering, and our meeting again is, I suppose, as things are, at least a doubtful matter. So I have decided to touch upon a topic which it is possible you may prefer not to have broached. Whatever you may think of what may seem my interference, I think that I meant well. Nellie Adams' husband has been dead two months. Did you know it?"

For an instant it was so still that the rasping of a cricket near by seemed to fill the whole night. Then:

"No, I did not know it," said Clavering His tones were husky, strained. He controlled himself. But it had been a shock—it had been a shock!

Again there was a silence.

At last, conscious of the tumult going on in the breast of the man beside him, Carhart could bear it no longer.

"I always thought you made a mistake—nay, more, that you committed a terrible folly, Clavering, five years ago!" he cried, all the latent irritation hot with him, and bred by the wantonness of his sacrifice of a brilliant life, breaking forth.

A groan burst from Clavering's lips.

"Sudden financial ruin had overtaken me; and—well, you know what she was to me, Carhart!"

"Yes, I know how that marriage and your money trouble together made you leave your native land. For it was deserting. The place for a man like you is in the thick of the fight! What did it matter that a financial break-up had come to you? There was that in you which would have forced fortune's favor anew. As for the other trouble—we are men—not children, Clavering!"

Suddenly, fiercely, Clavering turned upon him.

"Why do you say all this now? Would you have me now go back to the thick of the fight, as you call it?"

"Why not? What right have you to hang back?"

Clavering gave a harsh laugh.

"I could tell you that the stragglers who have that much philosophy are doing the great army of strugglers, all intent on getting to the top, the most inestimable kindness! But I prefer to ask you what you think I could do in the centers of active life? I—who am out of time and touch with all men and things?"

"You have lost five invaluable years—yes. But to say that your mistake is irrevocable is an absurdity."

And then Carhart started, paused, forgetting his arguments, the hard-headed man of the world in him routed by a rushing forth of the artist's soul that constituted the other side of his dual nature. There, a few feet away, near the corner of the house, was that exquisite girl again. He was about to speak, to ask some question concerning her, when the man of the world came to the front anew. He said nothing.

The last impression he carried away with him from the log house the next morning was that of the girl hanging back within the door as they rode off. Clavering accompanied him part of the way toward the reservation. Her eyes followed them with a silent question; it seemed almost to Clavering, imaginative as he was, with a silent doubt, a silent anguish.

It was two weeks later, and Carhart was preparing to draw his tour to an end. In another day he would be on his way back to England. Looking up suddenly from his breakfast, he saw Clavering enter the inn, which here, fifteen miles from the reservation, was dignified with the name of hotel.

Carhart felt this coming significant. Had he any lingering doubts they were immediately dispelled.

"When do you start?" said Clavering. "I am going back with you."

There was a pause, then Carhart stretched out his hand across the table in silence.

The sun rose and set over the mountain. The days wore away. Flaring touches of crimson began to show against the cool green of the leaves.

At the log house, amid the stunted pines, a silent figure went in and out. The girl shed no tears. He was gone. She had known always that some day it would be so. More than ever she had known it when that friend of his had come; the friend who belonged to the great world beyond the reservation, beyond the mountain of which she had learned at the mis school.

For she had been to the mission sch and she fell to trembling a little when thought of the missionary—a gaunt, man with a holy fire in his eyes—who baptized her. Ah! how good he had be

She cowered on the doorstep, her slen hands against her cheek.

Two strangers rode leisurely by in mellow September afternoon. They tal lazily, their voices drifting toward her.

"No, marriages among whites and h breeds are not common in this section. would perhaps be better if they were view of the conditions.'

The girl rose and went into the ho A fire of oak logs had been burning on hearth. She sat down beside it, her a clasped about her knees, her hair fal forward over her face. The afternoon w slowly away. Through the glisten needles of the pine-trees shafts of ne lous golden light began to stream. N her was a large chest. She lifted the and slowly, reverently, took certain jects from it and laid them on the bed.

They were things he—Herbert Claver —had given her. They were the fine li handkerchiefs marked with her nam "Annie"; the name they had called when she had been baptized at the miss chapel; and the yards of some soft li muslin she had never made up; and a p of little shoes such as the white wo wore; and the trinkets he had said m her look like a young Eastern princes

To her cheeks there had come a fa rose-like color. Her eyes were like s water, in which the reflection of a star h sunk. She began to deck herself with things she had taken from the chest. was clothing herself in a strange frea fancy for a mystic—a mythical marri If he and she were to be married evening—married as once she had seen people at the mission chapel, would look like this? A small, blurred mi threw back to her a picture she did know.

She had wound the yards of soft m about her body; she had placed the tr ets about her neck and in her ears.

Athwart the long bar of sunlight lay from the threshold of the open across the floor a shadow had fallen. A looked up; she looked into his eyes— the eyes of Herbert Clavering. They st a moment thus—he motionless, she hold back with both hands the braid of wavy hair. Then he spoke

"Annie, I have come back."

She said nothing; she only trembled

"Annie, I have come back to m you."

Then, only, she gave a little, low cr

"I am not worthy," she said.

His brow darkened.

"Never dare to say that. I though could go from you, Annie. I tried to meant to. I loved a woman once, a heard four weeks ago that she was I thought to go back to her—to win her if I could. But I was mistaken in my heart. That love was dead. I did not her. I came back to you. I cannot without you, Annie. For better or w we have made our own fate."

Still she said nothing.

Herbert Clavering came nearer. He p out his hand and touched the gewgaws her arms.

"Take these things off. You shall h better than those. What were you do arrayed in them? We won't live here, A nie. When we are married we will go els where. I shall never belong quite to t active world again. But I can do bett than this. There must be a new life. Ki me, my wild-flower."

* * * * * *

In the course of a few weeks Carhart the Old World received a letter from t New World, over which he sat long pensi

"Well, who shall say it was not bett so?" he murmured at last. "She is bea tiful. Clavering was never like any oth man. He will seek some new town t make himself a power yet, perhaps. Wh eyes she had! Ah! One can never those effects on canvas!"

And the artist sighed.

Two Cents Extra.

Hon. J. J. Lampton came across an gan grinder with a monkey the other aft noon, and it cost him 7 cents and five mi utes' time.

"Please give de munk de mun," cri the man behind the organ. "Vera good monk. Dance alla day—worka hard. taka he cap offa to you. He calla Ja —an' Jack certain' gooda to me."

Mr. Lampton was evidently amuse Perhaps any man who has been mayor a country town is apt to get that w once in a while—and perhaps not.

"Fine animal you've got there," said M Lampton.'

"T'ank you, mister; he pretta go monk."

Thereupon Jack began doing stunts he had never done them before. He wou stand on his head, light on his feet, a then look wise. He would hold out hi scrawny paw in a most bewitching mann and wink in a way to make any huma envious.

After Jack had handed over the coi given him for his master he would tur his pockets inside out and become dow right dejected. The grinder would tug the rope, and it would be only after man pulls that Jack would cheer up and tak notice.

"How long have you had him?" asked th ex-mayor.

"Fiva year. Me an' Jack besta friends

"Five years? Well, here are five penni —one for each year."

"T'ank you, mister. But, say, I mad mistake. I hada Jack for seven year. M an' Jack besta friends."

No Dry Days in His.

Hungry Higgins—If youse could live yo life over ergin, wot 'ud youse do?"

Thirsty Tupper—I'd cut out de days w wuz boozeless.

A WEST POINT CADET;

—Or,—

A BOY'S FIGHT FOR FAME.

By COLONEL PRENTIS INGRAHAM.

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CHAPTER X.

THE LIEUTENANT'S WARD.

As Buckskin Jack had said in his slangy, but very expressive way, things were certainly coming the way of Lieutenant Wallace Preston. He had started out with his troop as a second lieutenant, had distinguished himself in a fight with Indians against numbers, and was now in command of his troop, bound upon an expedition which must add fresh laurels to his name, if well carried out.

He departed with the troop, which had had supper, and, with their horses, were much refreshed, and now under the guidance of Buckskin Jack, sought Blue Rock Canyon.

It was a sharp ride under the guidance of the scout, and the canyon was reached after a couple of hours. It is needless to say that the Indians, where they expected to go into ambush, discovered to their amazement that the foe was before them.

They were ambushed on their retreat and, if not wiped out, were very badly handled. Their odds against the troopers did not count.

Acting Captain Wallace Preston showed that he was a man of the hour. He realized that this time the Indians had received a very severe punishment indeed, and leaving their dead and wounded to the care of their comrades, he retreated with his troop by midnight back to their former camp.

When they reached the camp, Lieutenant Lawson was greatly pleased with the result of the midnight attack and said again and again:

"Preston, you have done it! This makes you! The reinforcements should be here soon, but the commander of them comes too late to take the honors from you."

"I shall start on the return to the fort at once, Lieutenant Lawson, for you must be taken care of," was the humane answer of Wallace Preston.

A midnight supper and a couple of hours of rest followed, and then the start back to the fort was begun.

As they marched slowly along just after dawn, the reinforcements were discovered, and Wallace Preston informed the commanding officer of just what had occurred, while Buckskin Jack went back with him to lead him without delay in pursuit of the scattered band of Indians, after they should reach Blue Rock Canyon.

Tired out, but proud of their victory, the men of Troop D, with their cub lieutenant—as West Pointers are frequently called—returned to the fort and received a great welcome.

"Lieutenant Preston," said Commander Baldwin, after having seen Lieutenant Lawson, "you have certainly made a name for yourself, and I congratulate you. It is not often that a second lieutenant gets a chance to win his way as you have done. From what Captain Ames told me upon his arrival, I feared that you had been killed or captured. I thank God that neither is the case. You are getting into the Indian work with a vengeance, and you will have to retain command of your company until your two superior officers recover from their wounds, neither of which, I am glad to say, are serious. You can make your report out in the morning and I will be glad to forward it to headquarters."

The Bachelor's Club extended to Lieutenant Wallace Preston a hearty welcome indeed. The young officer could well feel proud of what he had thus far accomplished.

The report the next morning was a modest one, and so Major Baldwin considered it as he forwarded it, with particular praise for the young lieutenant.

Several days later the troopers that had gone to reinforce Troop D. returned and the officers reported that the work ahead had been so well done that all they could do was to drive the fugitive bands back to the Indian village.

Wallace Preston had certainly become a hero in a very short while, and what was more he had become most popular with all at the fort.

Some weeks later, and while still in command of Troop D., as his superior officers had not yet gotten well from their wounds, Wallace Preston was surprised to be sent for to come to the fort entrance. He was greatly amazed to find none other than Minnehonga, the Indian girl, mounted upon the horse which he had given to her father. She held out her hand to him and seemed glad to see him, while she said that she had a secret to tell him.

Wallace was very glad to get his fine horse back again, and sending it to the stables, he led the girl to headquarters to the presence of Major Baldwin and his wife.

Then a strange thing happened. The young girl told her story. Chief Bad Face was dead. He had died from the effects of his wounds, and while in full consciousness he had told her to go to the paleface chief who had befriended him and her, and tell him that Bad Face had sent her to him to care for; to tell him more, the strange fact that she was not an Indian.

This Minnehonga could tell of herself.

Years before when she was a girl of eleven, her mother and herself had been captured by the Indians. Chief Bad Face had spared her mother's life and made her his squaw, while she, Minnehonga, was adopted as his daughter. Bad Face, though cruel to the whites, had been ever most kind to her mother and herself. Her mother died after a couple of years in captivity. Up to her death, she had told Minnehonga all she could of her people, and taught her the paleface ways. Now, she had come to bring back Lieutenant Preston's horse to him and to tell him that she wished him to take care of her.

Mrs. Baldwin had heard the simple story of the girl, and seemed strangely drawn towards her. She questioned her about herself, as did the Commander, and the two said frankly:

"There is no way out of it, Lieutenant Preston, you will have to adopt her as your ward."

Wallace Preston was equal to the occasion. He instantly replied:

"Upon your advice, Mrs. Baldwin, and yours, Major Baldwin, I will make her my ward, and as soon as I can, I will send her to my mother at my home, and she will be a mother to her, I am sure. There will be opportunities soon, I am sure, by which I can send her to my home."

"Well said, Preston, and my word for it, when she has gotten into your ways again, she will make a very intelligent and beautiful girl. You will never be ashamed, I am sure, that you made her your ward."

Thus it was that Minnehonga, whose name was Bright eyes, became Wallace Preston's ward.

He stood the jokes about her in good humor, and Mrs. Baldwin was good enough to take her under her own charge until an opportunity offered to send the young girl to Mrs. Prescott's home.

A chance occurred within a very short time, for Captain Ames, having been given sick leave for some months with permission to return east, was to be accompanied by his wife, and they took charge of Bright Eyes with a great deal of pleasure.

Wallace had at once written to his mother the whole story, and before the departure of his ward by the stage, driven by Bill Buckner, he received a telegram signed by both Congressman and Mrs. Prescott. It was to the effect that they would be most happy to welcome the young girl as their adopted daughter.

It was six weeks after the departure of Bright Eyes in the care of her escort, before Wallace Preston learned through a letter from his mother that the young girl had arrived and that her welcome was a warm one.

Later, it was, that Lieutenant Lawson was able to once more take command of Troop D., and Wallace Preston dropped back into the position of Acting First Lieutenant. All knew, however, that young as he was, he had shown the ability to command his troop, for during Lieutenant Lawson's convalescence several times had the troop been sent out under its young commander on scout trips into the Indian country.

In time Captain Ames returned to Fort C, and had good news, he said. This news was in effect that Major Baldwin had been made a colonel, while he himself had been promoted to major of the cavalry battalion stationed at Fort C. Lieutenant Lawson had been advanced to captain of Troop D., and for gallant services rendered, Second Lieutenant Wallace Preston had been made First Lieutenant.

Nor was this all that Major Ames had to tell. He had visited Congressman and Mrs. Prescott at their home and had seen Bright Eyes. Bright Eyes had told him a secret which she had not even made known to Wallace. That secret was that her adopted Indian father had given her a map and told her that he wished her to give it to the paleface chief, Wallace Preston. The map proved that Wallace Preston had inherited from the Indian Chief the secret of a mine which Bad Face knew in that country. He had given this mine conjointly with Bright Eyes to Wallace Preston.

The girl told Major Ames the story, and said that she would keep the map to give into his hands when she saw him. She also made know to him that Chief Bad Face had not been an Indian, but was in fact, a renegade white man, who had turned against his own people and sided with the Indians, winnig the rank of their Chief.

After a year spent at Fort C., Wallace Preston, who had won the admiration and regard of all at the fort, received a leave of absence of two months, as well as having been made the bearer of important dispatches to headquarters by Colonel Baldwin.

These two months Wallace determined to take advantage of in going to his home. This he did, and as he found there Bright Eyes growing into a beautiful young girl, who, under the guidance of his mother and step-father, was rapidly becoming educated, it does not take a very vivid imagination to discover that the lieutenant's ward, after a few years became the lieutenant's wife.

The end.

CUPID'S CAPTIVE.

BY LESLIE MOORE.

My cousin Nell has a decidedly strong will. You would not think it from a casual observation, for she is fair and fluffy, and wears lots of laces and flummydiddles.

Now, though Nell has a strong will, my own is still stronger, and, in spite of the fact that she has refused my suit three times, I fully intend her to marry me in the end.

I thought the matter carefully over all Tuesday night, and yesterday I went for an excursion by myself up the Hudson to the site of an attractive old ruin that originally represented an Old World castle.

I didn't stay very long, but I made a few important observations.

Today was fine and warm, and I suggested that I should take Nell for a boating excursion.

She raised all the usual objections, which my strong will quickly removed, and finally she consented. Though she would not dream of owning it, I am convinced that she missed me yesterday.

I went on ahead, carrying the lunch-basket, telling Nell to follow when she was ready.

She said that she would just put on her hat and would not be a minute.

But I was not deceived. When Nell says she is going to put on her hat, I take a novel, or go to the smoking-room for a prolonged whiff. She is never less than a quarter of an hour putting on her hat, even without a veil.

I had smoked two cigarettes before Nell put in an appearance. She was, as usual all white muslin and fluff, with a frilly parasol.

I told her that it was not a suitable dress for the river, but she only said that a man knows nothing at all about such things.

She seated herself in the stern and opened her parasol.

I had discarded the rudder. Rowing with Nell at the helm is an art beyond my powers.

Our conversation was at first spasmodic, and then ceased, which was perhaps as well for the weather was very warm, and we were both a little irritable.

I was glad when I saw the ruin in sight, and we landed near a cluster of trees.

After we had had our lunch we both felt happier, and our spirits rose.

"I like this," said Nell. "You were a darling to bring me, Jack."

The moment seemed propitious.

"Nell," I said, "will you marry me?"

Nell grabbed a handful of daisies and flung them at me.

"No, you silly fellow!" she said.

"Very well," I replied contentedly, "we will see."

"We shall," laughed Nell.

"Why won't you have me?" I asked.

Nell tossed up the daisies and caught them again.

"You're so lazy!" she said; "and you've no object in life."

"I've just rowed you up her on an August morning," I replied calmly, "and my object in life is to make you consent to marry me."

"Well," replied Nell deliberately, "if ever I do consent I'll keep my promise."

"I shall not forget that," I answered, as I rose. "Let's go and have a look at those castlelike ruins."

Nell held out her hands, and I raised her to her feet.

The esplanade before the castle was overgrown with weeds, and the main part of the building was now an utter ruin. The turret alone was in fair preservation, and I suggested that we should investigate it.

Nell, after some demur, gathered up her skirts and began to ascend the winding stair. I followed. At the top was a room with a small, but heavy door, the bolts of which were on the outside. The windows were mere slits, through which a hand could hardly pass.

Nell went up to one of them to look out.

I slipped back across the room and darted out through the door. The next moment it was shut and the bolt in place. I heard Nell run across the room.

"Jack," she called out, "don't be so silly! Open the door."

"Nell," I said quietly, "will you marry me?"

"No, I won't," she cried, and from her tone I knew that she was angry.

"Very well," I answered, "then the door stays shut."

Nell did not reply, and there was a pause. Then she spoke.

"Jack, what are you doing?"

"Sitting on the stairs," I replied.

"How long are you going to stay there?"

"Till you agree to marry me," I answered.

"Then I guess you'll stay there till you're a fixture," she retorted, and I heard her move away from the door.

I calmly lighted a cigarette, and then waited. After awhile she came to the door again.

"Jack, do open the door."

"Will you promise to marry me?" I asked.

"Is it likely?" she answered. "What should I do with a husband with a temper like yours?"

"I should have an equally obstinate wife," I replied coolly, "that would balance matters."

"Jack, I hate you!" she cried.

"Nell, I love you!" I answered.

There was another pause.

"Jack, if you will open the door I'll give you an answer."

"You've given me that one four times," I replied.

"Perhaps it will be a different one this time."

"There must be no perhaps in the matter," I returned.

"When I get out of here I'll never speak to you again!" she cried.

An hour passed away, and then I heard Nell near the door once more.

"Jack, it must be getting late, and mama doesn't know where I am."

"You are in safe-keeping," I answered.

I heard her stamp her foot.

"Jack, if I don't go home soon, what will people say?"

"The usual gossip," I replied calmly.

"I'll never forgive you!" she said passionately.

"Will you marry me?" I asked again.

"No! no! no!" she cried, and once more I heard her retreat from the door.

Another hour passed, and, although the stairs were hard, I stuck manfully to my post.

"Jack," I heard Nell's voice once more, "doesn't it strike you that you are a mean coward?"

"On the contrary," I replied, "it strikes me that I am a man of heroic determination."

"But I am not a woman of heroic determination," she answered, and her voice broke with a little sob.

I sprang up and opened the door.

"Nell!" I cried, as I caught her in my arms. "I was a brute—an utter brute; but, darling, I do want you so very much."

"It was the very silliest way to try and get me there," she answered, with her head on my shoulder, "for if I didn't love you, Jack, I really would never speak to you again."

Why Nell refused me four times is a problem which I have not yet solved.

The Mean Thing

There is an exceedingly gullible young girl working in a Denver branch telegraph office. She is new at the business, having telegraphed less than a month. Yesterday a young man approached her desk and expressed a desire to know how the instruments worked. With a noticeable air of superior knowledge the girl explained in detail. Then she sent a message. When she had finished the young man handed her a paper bearing something he had written.

"What will it cost to send that message?" he asked.

She looked at it and blushed. It was a reproduction of the message she had just sent. He had copied it from the instruments.

"So you are an operator, too, eh?" she said.

"My dear little girl," replied the youth without cracking a smile, "I am Mr. Morse, the man who invented telegraphy." Then he left.

"Oh, he embarrassed me so," said the girl, telling of it later. "Just think, there I was explaining telegraphy to the man who invented it."

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The usual remedy for this delayed passage (called Constipation) is to take a big dose of Castor Oil.

* * *

This merely make slippery the passage for unloading the current cargo.

It does not help the Cause of delay a trifle. It does slacken the Bowel-Muscles, and weakens them for their next task.

Another remedy is to take a strong "Physic," like Salts, Calomel, Jalap, Phosphate of Sodium, Aperient Water, or any of these mixed.

What does the "Physic" do?

It merely flushes-out the Bowels with a waste of Digestive Juice, set flowing into the intestines through the tiny suckers.

* * *

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CHAPTER I.

INVITED OUT.

"Kid Drummond?"

The speaker was Ned Stearns, commander of the prairie rangers, who had no need to employ a written list in calling the roll of his brave followers—dashing plainsmen and mountaineers, whose years ranged from twenty to thirty-five. As for the captain, he was twenty-four.

"Here!" answered a darkly handsome young Kansan.

"Hiney Schenck?"

"I vos it," said a short, fat, flaxen-haired, spectacled little German, whose form suggested a generous pudding—"I vos it."

"Yes, Hiney," Ned laughed, "you're always it. Now, Ben Tremain!"

"Here!" roared a fine specimen of big and healthy manhood as could have been found in all the West.

"Brent Morton!"

"Present." Brent Morton, rosy-cheeked though he was, was a famous horseman and marksman and his alleged quotations from Shakespeare made him notable in any gathering.

"Bud Manton."

"Here."

Bud Manton, whose little sister had called him "Budder" and had shortened that to "Bud," a name that had fastened itself upon him as he grew up, was a westerner to the manner born. He had first seen the light in Eastern Nebraska, and was a true son of the West, reared on ranches and cattle ranges, an expert with lasso and shooting-iron, who during a protracted stay with the Teton Sioux had become learned in the lore of the scout and the trailer.

"Marmaduke Munford, alias Granddaddy Longlegs."

Granddaddy Longlegs, so called because of his attenuated form and cadaverous appearance, which belied his robust health and all-consuming appetite, answered sepulchrally:

"Here for yet a little while, but my liver is——"

"Alive," finished Ned.

"It's b'iling with bile," said Munford. "It's swelling to an enormous size and soon will bear me down to the tomb."

"Not if you will take the Great Amerian Compound regularly and strictly according to directions," put in another with much assurance, drawing a big bottle of some muddy-appearing liquid from the hip-pocket of his trousers. "It is my latest—my greatest remedial achievement. It offers hope to the despairing—life to the dying. It spells ruin to undertakers and cemetery associations. You feel better after the first dose. You get more and more husky as you proceed with the treatment till you're ready to undertake to move mountains."

"I don't need to call the name and professional titles of Doctor Thaddeus Tucker," grinned the captain of the young prairie rangers, and Tucker bowed low to him. Thaddeus had had a little experience in a drug store and had studied patent medicine alamanacs most diligently and regarded himself as a born physician of high attainments. Granddaddy Longlegs, also a reader of literature intended to frighten well people and drive sick people to despair, was just now undergoing an imaginary attack of enlargement of the liver; but the sight of Doc's big bottle nauseated him. He was the only one of the party who would try Tucker's remedies and the very thought of some of them puckered him all up. He waved the ex-drug clerk away, and with a look of disgust the latter returned the bottle to his hip-pocket.

"Jason Slade."

"Heah!" piped a high-pitched voice, and a little yellow-haired, tall-collared Boston dude stepped forward and loyally saluted Ned Stearns. But it should be noted that he was a dude only in outward appearance, and knew some fighting tricks that he never had learned in the Back Bay district.

"Tony Drew."

"You sent for me, my lord, and I am here—hear?"

A fat and dumph chap with a bass voice and wildly rolling eyes stamped forward, trying to look like the late Tom Keene in the character of Richard III, and was greeted with cries of——

"Doctor Landis!"

"Count Johannes!"

"James Owen O'Connor!"

The persons named had been to Shakesperean tragedy what the Cherry Sisters were to musical comedy.

"What ho, there, ye groundlings—most ill-informed and unappreciative of auditors! Tony Drew would have ye all to know that he is not a poor imitator of rank imitations, as your witless mouthings would suggest, but the real thing, original and simonpure—the legitimate successor of Booth and Barrett, McCullough, Keene, Anna Dickinson and Adele Belgarde. 'Tis true, and pity 'tis true, that he has to be his own press agent.'

"And his own wind-jammer," growled Tremain as Tony salaamed low and retreated backward, falling over something that lay in his way.

"And his own scenery," chimed in Doc Tucker exasperatingly. "Say, Tony, what do you say to joining me in a medicine show venture?"

Tony scrambled up awkwardly and cast upon the ex-pill-roller something that he intended for a look of withering scorn, but which made everyone there laugh.

"All here!" exclaimed Ned. "Now, pards, we have an invitation for today, an invitation that I am sure the last man of you will gladly accept."

"Did you get it foh us lahst night?" asked Jason Slade, tittering.

"I did."

"I thought you were not wasting youah time," replied the Boston boy as he began most daintily to roll a cigarette.

"I never do that," said Ned, "at least I never mean to. The invitation I spoke of is for us all. It is from Lury. Today, you know, is Friday. She will have extra doings, and she wants us to be present. She had requested that Tony do a little elpcuting. I told her that you would, Drew."

"Full well you knew I would consent," answered Tony. "To please the girls is my intent. Without the slightest hesitation, I will render a recitation. When at length for breath I pause, all will give me kind applause. Then if they want a little more, I will respond to their encore, with something better than before. Ye Gods! How I will shout and roar!"

Tony was wheezing asthmatically as he concluded and it was only by a ludicrous effort that he maintained his equilibrium. His rhymical acceptance of the invitation called forth from the rangers a genuine laugh.

"And Doc Tucker will be there," suggested Brent Morton, "to dose everyone that collapses under Tony's infliction. Say, Marmaduke, I guess you'd better not go."

"Why?" asked Granddaddy Longlegs.

"The excitement might make that liver of yours swell to enormous proportions. If it should get too big, we wouldn't get you out o' the school house."

"I'll look after that," said Doc Tucker in his best professional manner, waving his big flask of dope high in the air. "Don't forget the Great American Compound. It searches out disease. It goes right to the root of the trouble. It drives out postica-ting microbes and blumbs up the sub-cutaneous phalanges of the anti-chaotic parallel. It——"

"Enough!" cried Ned. "Put all that in your circulars, then burn your circulars."

Tucker made no reply. He was shaking the bottle and observing its contents through its flat sides. There was a smile of satisfaction on his lips and in his eyes.

"Go on mit der scheme, Captain," cried Hiney Schenck. "We ton't vant dosings undt actings so much as refreshments. Vash der any sauerkraut in it? Dot vos der important point!"

"As my friend Bill Shakespeare says," interrupted Brent Morton, "what recks it if the thinkpot shrink if the breadbasket do expand? Dutchy is right."

"I don't think a dinner is in the offering," replied Ned, "but some of the children may have enough left from their noonday luncheons to help out you hungry ones. Besides, you can eat your fill before you go—nothing to prevent that. We are expected to arrive at the school house about two o'clock. The exercises will close at four. Then the rangers in a body will escort Lury to her boarding place, then we will come back to camp and you can eat again. Will that do?"

"Soon my liver will be so large that I will have no room for food," wailed Granddaddy Longlegs, pressing the small of his back with both hands and groaning as he saw Doc Tucker once more produce the Great American Compound.

"If you'll stop over-eating, your liver'll shrink back to its normal size," suggested Brent Morton. "Don't you understand that what you can't digest goes right into your liver? As Shakespeare says——"

"You don't know as much about medicine as you do about Shakespeare," cried Doc, indignantly, "and you don't know anything about Shakespeare."

"Where wisdom is bliss it is foolish to be an igoramus," says Bill, "but you don't know anything about that, do you, Doc—that is by actual experience?" jeered Brent. "Why——"

He was interrupted by Ned, who said:

"That's about all, I guess. Now let up on your chaffing and see that everything is done about the place that should be done and report here at noon sharp for dinner. I'm going to fix up one of Gypsy Queen's shoes a little—it needs a nail or two before we start down the trail toward the school house."

The prairie rangers were quartered in a long, low log house on a slope at the base of one of the foothills of the Black Hills of South Dakota. They had been in that vicinity about three months and expected to stay indefinitely. Their mission there was a peculiar one, about which they seldom talked, though each man knew what was expected of him. Occassionally, Ned Stearns had a visitor from a distance, who came as far as Deadwood to receive his report and pay for the services rendered by the dauntless band of saddle-knights, of which the young man was proud to have been chosen leader.

The morning passed quickly away. As soon as dinner was over, the rangers hastened their preparations for departure. Kid Drummond and Ben Tremain were left on guard at headquarters and the others took to saddle and soon disappeared down the trail.

Their outing was to be more fateful than either of them imagined.

CHAPTER II.

"SOMEONE WICKED"

Who was Lury?

Lura Lane, at twenty years of age, was teaching her first term of school—a [illegible] term—in a remote country district of South Dakota. She had not planned to become a school-teacher; and, for that matter, she never had planned to live in the West. Her daily labor was as unpremeditated as her presence there.

She had been born in an Ohio village not far from Columbus. There she had been reared and there she might have married and remained had not her uncle Rastus Roorback moved out to South Dakota when she was about eighteen. A year later her uncle and aunt had tried to induce her parents to permit her to visit them in their western home, but Mr. and Mrs. Lane had not at that time thought well of the proposition. Another year rolled by, and the one thing that Mr. and Mrs. Lane most desired was to get Lura away from her native village and away from one Noxen Norman who was destined to marry her whether or no and whom she disliked as heartily as her parents did. Then they had conveniently remembered the invitation of Uncle Rastus and Aunt Emmeny and had suggested and secured a renewel of it. Its acceptance by them and by their daughter was a foregone conclusion. Early in the spring before our story opens, Lura had come out to South Dakota and had been greeted with a [illegible] western welcome by her childless relatives.

It does not take some men long to rise to local prominence in new townships in the West, and Rastus Roorback, a man of no schooling who believed in the public school as the foundation of American [illegible], soon became a school director and had a school house named in his honor. School teachers are scarce in South Dakota, partly because the country is comparatively new and partly because teachers are not munificently paid there, and Lura was almost literally pressed into the service. She was succeeding in her work, her pupils liked her, the people round about admired her and suddenly she had awakened to the fact that she was a popular member of the community. To nearly everyone she was just "Lury."

Brown-eyed, peachy-cheeked, chestnut-haired, tall, graceful, healthy, alert, comely and good-hearted—thus she may be described. It may be added that she had a smile that lighted up everything upon which it shone and a sympathy with good men and women and with all children that impelled her to help every upward struggle and to encourage every worthy aspiration. She was progressive in the management of her school and her pupils were, so all their parents agreed, "getting ahead right smart." Her Friday afternoons had become locally famous for "the doings at the Roorback school house." Then, visitors to the school were many and no one came but enthusiastically acknowledged having been royally entertained.

Quite a number of visitors arrived before the prairie rangers. Among them were [illegible] Wills, an old preacher who delighted to tell the boys of the many chances they had of becoming Presidents of the United States, an old maid who encouraged the little girls to believe that if they would study hard and be very, very good they might [illegible] day to be sent as missionaries to [illegible], and Director Roorback, who loved to dwell on the glories of township office holding and to picture the boys of the school as future school directors, road commissioners and tax-collectors. These humble orators were welcomed by boys and girls wearied with daily routine and eager for something different.

Today the youngsters had been promised a greater treat, however, in the visit of the prairie rangers, and it had been said that Tony Drew would recite and Bud Manton would sing for them, and that others of the adventurous and talented youths in [illegible] would in various ways contribute to the entertainment. Two classes had been hea

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nd the Rev. Sidney Wills was exercising ome of the larger of the small girls and oys in a few such words as "rhioncercow," "bombazoonah," "razamatizzicality," "hippophosephant" and "chromopatriotia," when he clatter of hoofs outside, announced that Ned Stearns and his brave followers were rriving.

The whole party drew rein in front of he school house and Ned's star-faced, black nare Gypsy Queen, stopped with her head nside the door, looking about, as if in greeting to all there.

"Come right in, gents," cried Director Roorback with great good nature. "I extend the horsepitality of the Roorback school to your hosses as well as to yourselves. D'ye see my little joke?"

Ned bowed, laughing, and waved his rough rider hat with a wide flourish to Miss Lane, whose face flushed with pleasure as her eyes met his.

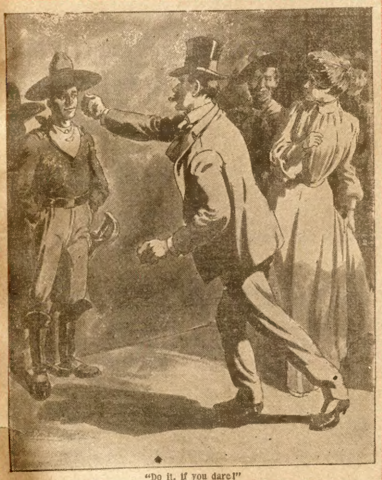
"Thank you," he said, "but I guess we'd better leave the horses oustide."

"Aye, my kingdom for a hoss, an' hitch it to the fence. Full many a scholar's at a loss of solid, safe hoss-sense. By me hallidome! We'll tie them with the lariat, while by your good will this pleasant place we tarry at!" cried Tony Drew with great elocutionary effect.

"Cut it out!" yelled Brent Morton. "As my friend William Shakespeare was wont to say, It is an awful howdydo, so chop it out—it will not do!"

"A very little of that sort will do me," said Ned, dismounting. "Say, Drew, I warn you that you're likely to throw the school into fits."

"And I will cure the fits!" exclaimed Doc Tucker, drawing forth the bottle of Great American Compound and brandishing it before his pony, which promptly backed up and sat down by the roadside. "This remedy is death on epilepsy, catalepsy and dyspepsy, it has the drop on dropsy, leaves no room for rheumatism and knocks plumbago plumb out o' the box! It makes tombstone men weep and weeping willows laugh!"



"Do it, if you dare!"

By this time the rangers had secured their horses. Now they went into the school house and were warmly welcomed.

The Rev. Mr. Wills waved his class of children to their several seats and launched forth into an address of greeting that was heartily seconded by Director Roorback and indorsed by Miss Lane and to which Ned Stearns responded in fitting terms. Then, at a signal from their leader, the rangers sounded a long western yell in honor of the school and its visitors. Now the program of the afternoon demanded the attention of all.

Several of the larger and a few of the littler pupils "spoke pieces." "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" was rendered by a wee girl with closed eyes and a twinkling voice. Then a little boy and two little girls engaged in a more or less clear-cut colloquy concerning "Bo-Peep" and her lost sheep. Next, a small boy with a peeping voice did his best, with "Warren's Address," a thrilling incitement to battle. Then a big boy who wore a man's trousers pieced out to make them long enough for him put a warty and dirty digit in the corner of his wide mouth and repeated these lines to great applause:

"You'd scarce expect a little lad
At speaking to make a figger—
You're only joking, I'm afraid,
So wait till I get bigger."

Ned and some of his comrades suspected is was a premediated joke, but could not ll. It now became evident that Tony Drew s becoming impatient to do the part that been assigned to him. Miss Lane asked to come to the platform and favor the waiting and expectant audience with some specimens of his elocutionary ability. Tony was thus introduced by Director Roorback.

"Ladies and Gentlemen and little boys and girls—By the way, I hope the little boys and girls are gentlemen and ladies too. By the way, this is Professor Blew, of——"

"Drew," corrected Tony.

"Brewer," continued Director Roorback.

"Drew—D-r-e-w," insisted Tony.

"All right. Now, folks this fat little josh'll spout a little for ye. Present arms—no, I mean attention. Sail in, Mr. Draw."

"Drew," corrected Tony.

"Blew," assented Roorback. "No, I mean Brewer."

"Drew—D-r-e-w," again insisted Tony.

"All O. K! Sail right in, Mr. New with yer hull crew," said Roorack encouragingly. "Don't be afraid to throw open yer works an' yell. These folks ain't used to actin' and ev'rything'll go with 'em sure. Children, hold onto yer seats. This tragedian's likely to give ye somethin' frightful!"

Tony was by this time so mad that he was almost black in the face..

"Sdeath!" he hissed, then controlled himself and began to recite "The Raven." When he got to the end of it, his ranger friends led in a round of applause that almost made the little school house rock. Before he could resume, some of them demanded "Hamlet's Soliloquy."

He looked bewildered.

"To be or not to be," piped Jason Slade, as if to bring him to himself.

"I understand you Cull; but, alas! I have no skull," he explained. "The grisly piece I would intone if I had the needed bone. That property doth not appear and sure there is no graveyard near. Perhaps this gent here on my right will aid me in my pesky night. If he'll imagine himself long dead, I'll exemplify with his bald head."

Drew advanced and laid a hand on Director Roorback's head and began to recite Shakeseare's famous lines. The effect of his elocution on the official was perhaps not unnatural, but it could not well have been expected. At times it was evident that Roorback believed Tony was making fun of him. At other times, the ravings of the eccentric tragedian seemed to make the school director's flesh creep. At length Roorback could bear the strain no longer, and with a loud cry of disgust he sprang from his chair and bolted for the door. The boys and girls regarded him with consternation and the rangers were too much surprised to laugh.

"Heavens save us!" ejaculated the Rev. Mr. Wills, devoutly. Drew shouted:

'Not for a quarter of an hour could man withstand me tragic power! It makes 'em feel so queer they hustle for the atmosphere. Now by the prickling of me thumbs, someone wicked this way comes!"

Scarcely was Rastus Roorback through the door before the passage was darkened by another form than his and a man entered, scowling.

"Noxon Norman!" gasped Lura.

The new comer was a short, dark and skinny man, past thirty years old. He had small, baleful black eye and a drawn and sneering face. He wore a Prince Albert coat, a white tie and a silk hat that the young prairie rangers were wild to smash. Everyone on the frontier demolishing "dicers" is not only a highly prized amusement but a sacred duty that few westerners can deny themselves or neglect.

As Noxon advanced, frowning, into the little school room, several of the rangers and a few others of the audience got on their feet and made toward him. The first to reach him was Brent Morton.

"A thing of beauty is a joy till it's busted, as my old college chum, Bill Shakespeare, oft remarked when holy or profane frights presented themselves to his discerning gaze," yelled the youth, knocking off the stranger's silk head-piece and sending it into the hands of Hiney Schenck, who promptly kicked it toward Ned Stearns.

The leader of the prairie rangers, regretting what had occurred, sympathizing somewhat with Noxon in his evident anger and deprecating his men's thoughtless impetuousity, possessed himself of the hat, held it out toward its owner. But pacific as was Ned's intention, circumstances were bound to make the stranger misinterpret it.

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"Smash it over his head!" cried Brent Morton.

Noxon Norman leaned forward and brandished a clenched fist in Ned's face.

"Do it if you dare!" he spoke defiantly.

His face was distorted with anger until it might have been thought to resemble that of a fiend. His little eyes blazed with menace and his breath came hissing through his teeth.

Ned did not fully understand the situation. How could he have known that Norman aspired to the hand of Miss Lane and might consider him as a possible rival? Lura never had told the young prairie ranger chieftain of Norman. But he was to know more of Norman, even to the end of Norman's strange career.

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Or finger the chords of its endless refrain
When glum at your window you tap on the pane—
And these are the words of the devil's tattoo:
"There's nothing, there's nothing whatever to do—
So what can I do?
There's nothing to do—
There's nothing, there's nothing a fellow can do."

Unconsciously, when you are down on your luck,
The opening measures are sure to be struck—
You think, when too late, if you only had known
How affairs were to turn you would not have been thrown.
Then light on the table you start the tattoo:
"There nothing, there's nothing whatever to do—
The truth isn't true;
The world is deep blue—
There's nothing, there's nothing whatever to do."

Wherever you play it, it grapples your soul;
It drums and it hums with disconsolate roll;
It rumbles its way to the best of your brain
And sighs in a dirge that your hopes are in vain;
It thrums till the half-wakened echoes pursue
And limp in the wake of the devil's tattoo;
"There's nothing, there's nothing whatever to do—
I'm telling you true,
They'll do for you, too—
There's always hard luck for a fellow like you."

The devil's tattoo is the roll of a drum
That summons the army of weakness to come,
And get you to timing the rhythmical beat
And march with it down the long road of defeat.
You think you have lost, when you yield to its chime;
You think you have fallen—you need but to climb,
To clench up your fists and to fight your way through,
Forgetting the words of the devil's tattoo:
"There's nothing, there's nothing whatever to do—
So what can I do?
There's nothing to do—
There's nothing, there's nothing whatever to do."

◆

A MATRIMONIAL TIFF.

BY K. T. MORE.

"By-by Dolly! Don't sit up for me. I may not be home till late!"

And handsome Dick Everett bent to kiss his pretty little wife.

"Must you really go, Dick?" imploringly.

"Must I really go?" he repeated. "What a dreadfully solemn face! Yes, you ridiculous darling, I really must!"

"Why?" persistently.

"Oh, because of an—an engagement I—I cannot break, dear!" a trifle guiltily.

"With whom?"

"Good gracious! What an inquisitive little mortal it is, to be sure! Don't trouble your pretty head with business engagements; and once more, my pet, good-by! And—oh, I say, Dolly," turning back and putting his head inside the door. "If you have a little leisure, I wish you'd mend my overcoat. I noticed a big tear in it for the first time tonight—it's an ugly tear. Will you?"

And to this rather disconnected speech Mrs. Dick nodded, and smiled a bright acquiescence.

The door slammed behind Dick, and she glanced around the cozy, homelike room.

"If Dick had not been obliged to go out—and such a night, too!" she sighed.

The gas burned brightly; the cheery fire in the grate was a bed of golden coal; the French clock on the mantel ticked musically. Toward the crimson-colored table, on which lay a pile of unopened magazines, looked two wistful, blue eyes. But the bride of six months shook her dainty, bronze-brown head with resolute determination, and the rosy lips repeated the hackneyed formula, "Duty first, pleasure after."

So, accordingly, the little white hands laboriously lugged and hauled Dick's big overcoat into the room, turned it over, and commenced their wifely occupation. She smiled softly to herself, for her thoughts were pleasant ones, as she sat and sewed, a rarely pretty picture in the firelit glow—the busy hands flying briskly through their task.

"Tomorrow will be my birthday, and Dick has forgotten it, I know. How sorry he will be when I tell him tomorrow!"

And she broke merrily into "Comin' thro' the Rye," as the dainty French clock on the low marble mantel struck ten.

She paused smilingly, with needle suspended to hear the mad, merry waltz that tinkled out from the little bronze Cupids.

Her task finished, she turned the coat over to see if it needed other repairs, and as she did so a small, square sheet of creamy paper fluttered from an inside pocket and fell upon the crimson carpet.

She bent forward and picked it up, with a low laugh.

"Which of Dick's friends is sufficiently foppish to perfume his letters, I wonder?"

Then she turned it right side up and looked at it. And she saw—what?

Nothing very terrifying, certainly. Only a thick sheet of embossed paper, stamped with a monogram, in azure and gold, incomprehensible, as monograms usually are.

A woman's letter, decidedly—written in a pretty scrawling, irregular hand, unmistakably a woman's.

The birdlike song died on Dolly Everett's lips; the soft, bright color faded slowly out of her face; the blue eyes grew wide and startled, as she read the few words on the page before her.

The note ran:

"Dick, Darling: I have missed you dreadfully of late. Come! Exercise diplomacy tonight and slip away. I hate her for keeping you from me. Besides, Gerster is in town! Is the hint too broad? In spite of all, Dick, ever your EDITH."

That was all; but it was enough. For a few moments Dolly's eyes, blazing, terrified, stared straight at the fateful sheet, as though they would shrivel it up with their blue fire.

Then she flung it suddenly from her, as thought it were a venomous thing and could sting her.

Who was the woman who dared write so to Dick—her Dick? Yes, she told herself, with an air of defiant proprietorship, hers only.

She crushed her hands tightly together, till the diamond next the plain gold circlet cut the white flesh cruelly.

Then, as a horrible suspicion leaped to life in her brain, with a low moan she slipped from her chair and crouched, shivering, against the great, shaggy overcoat.

Her fears took tangible shape! What if he had gone to meet this woman? For the first time he had evaded answering her questions.

And how guilty and hurried he had seemed—so horribly happy and light-hearted, too! Words and glances, before almost unnoticed, now flashed upon her. She snatched up the note again and looked at it.

It was dated the evening of that day.

"Oh, Dick! Dick!" she cried wildly; "how could you—how could you? And—I loved you so!"

Then, with a sudden storm of sobs, she broke down altogether, and, burying her face in the crumpled overcoat, wept as if her heart was breaking, the graceful figure shaken and convulsed.

The fire burned low in the grate under a coating of gray ashes.

Eleven! chimed the clock. She did not pause to listen to the silver music.

Footsteps came along the gravel path, up the steps; a latch-key turned cautiously in the door. She neither heard nor stirred. In the hall Dick paused, a curious smile on his lips.

"Dolly's asleep, sure as fate!" he breathed.

He divested himself of hat and overcoat, and humming a popular air turned the knob of the parlor door.

"'And listen while I tell you of the ba—'

"Goodness! Dolly, what's the matter?"

His song came to an untimely end as he caught sight of the sobbing, shaking little figure on the hearthrug.

He took one stride towards her, but at the sound of his voice she had sprung to her feet, with crimson cheeks and dangerously sparkling eyes.

"Stand off, sir! Don't you dare to touch me!"

"Great Heaven! Dolly——" in direst bewilderment.

"Don't Dolly me!" facing him like a diminutive tigress; "don't dare to!"

"Dolly!"

"Don't mention my name so soon after hers—this 'Edith' to whom you are Dick, Darling!'"

"Dolly——"

"Can you find no other word with which to defend or vindicate yourself except the repetition of my name?" this last with unnatural calmness.

The temperature had wafted round from the torrid to the frigid zone.

"Have you gone—mad?" slowly.

"If I have, find the cause—there!"

Scornfully she flung him the crumpled sheet.

He snatched it eagerly and read every word. Then he lifted a face of, if possible, more intense, utter bewilderment than before.

"Where did you get this, Dolly?" he asked.

"There!"

She pointed dramatically at the tumbled overcoat.

"There?" in blankest astonishment.

"There!"

He glanced from the note to the coat, and from the coat to the note, then back again to Dolly.

She was longing desperately to steady her voice and still her heart sufficiently to ask him how he liked Gerster, just to exhibit a piece of stinging sarcasm; but she could not.

There was embarrassing silence for a moment; then Dick walked over and picked up the overcoat.

Hark! What was that? Not a laugh, surely!

Yes, a laugh! The maddest, merriest, wildest peal that ever rang from human lips.

There on the hearthrug stood Dick, the coat fallen loosely on the floor, his hands on both hips, and laughing as loudly as he could.

"Dick!" in faltering amazement.

"Yes!" howled Dick. "Oh, Dolly, it's the best joke of the season! Oh-h——"

And then he was roaring like a schoolboy again.

"Dick—tell me!"

Then, seeing her white, anxious face, he grew suddenly grave.

"Dolly, did you look at the envelope?"

"I saw none."

He showed her the envelope that had fluttered unnoticed under the table.

She read the address:

"RICHARD HARVEY, ESQ.,
192 Palmetto Street."

"Dolly, did you particularly notice the overcoat?"

A tremulous "No!"

"Look! See that velvet collar, those buttons, this pocketbook! Is this my overcoat?"

"Oh, Dick, my dearest, forgive me! No! no! no!"

She was sobbing in his arms now.

"My darling! But"—bubbling again into boyish laughter—"what a glorious joke! To think that I should walk home in, and that you should mend, Dick Harvey's overcoat! Wonder if his folks are going through my pockets now? Who's 'Edith?' Why, his sweetheart, whom he had to sneak off to see, because of a formidable heiress staying at his house at present, to whom his folks are trying to marry him. He told me all about it."

"Dick"—shy arms went creeping round his neck and blue eyes grew luminous through their tears—"I'm never going to be jealous again. I—I am not even going to ask you where you've been tonight," with triumphant heroism, underlaid by a stratum of maddening curiosity.

"My pet, I was just going to tell you, but these will speak better than I can. You I had quite forgotten what day tomor would be."

He had drawn a leather case from pocket, and touching the spring disclos set and necklet of milk-white pearls o turquoise velvet bed.

"Oh, Dick!"

A long drawn breath, a rapturous li ing of blue eyes, a lifting of rosy lips, a then—well, when she got through, D thought himself well repaid.

"Won't there be fun at the office tom row? Jealous of Dick Harvey! But, Jupiter, what a reception I got! Oh— Dolly! Dolly! Dolly! It's the best joke record!"

And Dolly joined him merrily, for, a all, is not the sweetest laughter that wh springs from tears?

◆

Mystery of the Dead Ar

(Continued from page seven.)

Miss Milbank was in league with her cou to rob Clarence Bradbury's house; if n why was she in the house?"

"Lizzie is an honest girl," said the la decidedly. "Everybody in town respe her and her family. She is no thief."

"And yet you think she was in yo brother-in-law's house at night without knowledge."

"It must have been she."

"In that case, she ought to be arreste said Keeneyes with decision.

"I think myself," said Mrs. Bradbu "that it will be necessary to arrest her, only to prove her innocence and to clear this mystery of the severed arm."

"Exactly. And from the window, I s Pump coming with the proper authoriti Pardon me, madam, if I hail him."

Keeneyes stepped to the window, a threw it open.

Mrs. Bradbury rose in sudden agitation.

Keeneyes looked about swiftly, then sa "Ah, I see you did not overturn your chair

He turned away, and thrust his head o of the window.

He called: "Why! hurry up, my de Pump, I have been waiting here for yo till I thought you would never come!"

Pump came up panting. "The girl h eluded us," he said, mopping his brow. thought she might have come here f hiding."

"Of course she is here," said Keeneye "I knew she would come, and that explai my presence. Come right in, gentleme we have everything arranged for your co venience and comfort."

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◆

Got What He Wanted

That things are not always what the seem was discovered by one of the patron of a delicatessen store in a somewhat pai ful manner. Desiring some sausages, th man, who has a pronounced streak of obstinacy in his makeup, entered the pla and asked for some "just like those in t window."

"I'm very sorry, but we haven't any that kind in stock just now," said the del catessen man.

"What's the matter with those in th window?" asked the customer. The delicatessen man started to say something abou the sausages in the window not being jus like the regular kind, but his apparent unwillingness aroused the ire of the custome who began to insist that the sausages i the window be taken down at once an sold to him. Possibly he did not notice th smile of the delicatessen man as his request was complied with. If he did, h learned its meaning when his wife opene the package in the kitchen and discovere the sausages were made for window display solely and consisted of plaster of pari neatly painted.

◆

What She Grasped.

The man on the street car with a newspaper happened to observe that the old lad next to him on the right seemed interested and he laid the newspaper aside and said:

"Madam, you have of course, heard o the Panama canal enterprise?"

"I—I think I have, sir," she replied.

"Think of it, madam—think of digging great ship canal 80 miles long, and some o the way through hills 50 feet high!"

"Yes, sir."

"Think of the largest ships afloat passing through that canal!"

"Yes, sir."

"Think of the $200,000,000 it will cost t complete the canal. Think of the stupend ousness of the whole enterprise! Can yo grasp it, madam—can you grasp it?"

"Well, no, sir," she replied, as she hitche around some more. "No, I can't say that can, but I've got half a dollar and am on m way to market, and if you'll please tell m whether 'taters have gone up since yeste day I shall be a thousand times obliged you."

◆

Those Magazine Knockers.

"A modern dictionary, indeed," said th smooth-tongued agent. "Just the one fo you."

"I don't see why," replied the editor o the Jabem All Magazine. "We have a dozen dictionaries scattered around here."

"Yes, but this one has certain words arranged so nicely."

"What words?"

"Why, take 'honesty,' for instance. It marked 'obsolete.'"

◆

But for his miseries the pessimist w be miserable.

Pat's Proof

ng the hills of Sligo there is a small enowned in that region for its fabu- depth. A well-known professor who n that part of Ireland started for a tain, accompanied by a native guide. y climbed Pat asked him if he would see the lake, "for it's no bottom at rr."

w do you know that, Pat?" asked rofessor.

ell, sorr, I'll tell ye. Me own cousin showin' the pond to a gentleman one sorr, and he looked incredulous like, just as you do, and me cousin couldn't stand it for him to doubt his word, sorr, and so he said, 'I'll prove the truth of me words,' he said, and off with his clothes and into the water he jumped."

The professor's face wore an amused and quizzical expression. "Yes, sorr, in he jumped and didn't come up again, at all, at all."

"But," said the professor, "I don't see that he proved the point by drowning himself."

"Is it drowned? Divil a bit drowned at all he was. Sure didn't a cable come from him next day in America askin' for his clothes to be sent on!"

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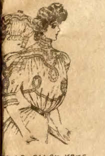
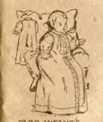

348 FANCY YOKE BLOUSE
2 TO 40 BUST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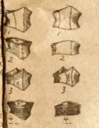

347 YOKE AND BODICE
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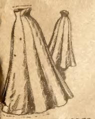
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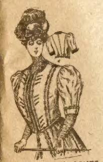
PRINCESS SKIRT
22 TO 32
WAIST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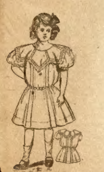
32 TO 40
BUST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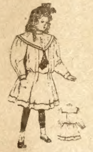
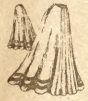
4 TO 10
YEARS


5349 GIRLS
SAILOR SUIT
6 TO 12 YEARS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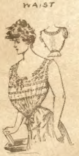
22 TO 32
WAIST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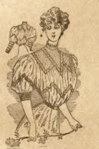
32 TO 42
BUST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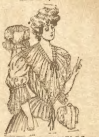
LINGERIE BLOUSE,
32 TO 40
BUST.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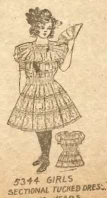
JACKE, 32 TO 42
BUST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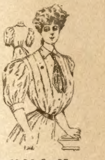
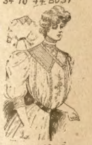
SECTIONAL TUCKED DRESS
6 TO 12 YEARS.


5350 SHIRT
WAIST WITH ELBOW
SLEEVES
34 TO 44 BUST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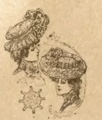
BLOUSE, 32 TO 40
BUST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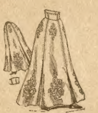
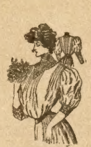
HATS IN TWO STYLES
ONE SIZE


5339 SIX GORED
SKIRT, 22 TO 42
WAIST.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32 TO 42
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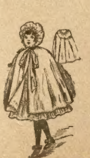
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The Buncoing of Josh.

"Oh, I dunno," Uncle Josh Hardacres remarked to the grocery loungers the day after his return from his city trip. "Ain't all these city fellers so gol-rammed smart, after all."

"Didn't git mixed up in no bunco game, hey?" Rube Meadows inquired.

"Well, yas—twice, in p'int of fact," Uncle Josh admitted.

"Yer see, the first feller I met was a nice, polite young feller that didn't pertend to know me nor nothin' like that—just asked me for a match, an' then kinder walked on with me a piece, long as we was goin' the same way. He seemed to kinder take a shine ter me, an' set up ther drinks an' a fine dinner, an' took me ter the theaty, an'—wall, I reckon he was tollerable smart—too smart fer me, anyhow. Didn't have anything left when he got through with me but my ticket ter home an' my carpet bag."

"How did you git buncoed twice, then?" Rube asked, curiously.

"Hum—wall, I come down to ther depot an' showed my ticket an' went through the gates to where the trains was, an' then I thinks ter myself, 'Maybe I might as well not go home jest yet.' I warn't in any particular hurry, an' there was another train in the evenin'; so I passed out with the folks that was jest a-gettin' off a train that had come in.

"Soon as I got outside ther station a nice young fellow comes up, perlite as you please, an' asks me if I kin oblige him with a match—which I kin. Fact, we got real friendly as we walked along, he be goin' the same way I was, an' findin' out I was from Swokunk, he got real interested. Said he had a friend that had stayed there one summer fer his health, an' when I asked him if it was Mr. Larkin that boarded at the Jenkins place, he said it was the very man.

"Then he plum insisted that I come an' eat dinner with him, which I done—cost $1 a piece; an' then he showed me all 'round, an' bought drinks, and took me to the theaty—said I was just the honest, sturdy kind of a man he would have looked for from Swokunk from what his friend Larkin said.

"Then he took me to a nice little hotel where he knew ther clerk, an' we set in the office an' smoked segars. A boy took my carpet bag up ter a room.

"After settin' an' talkin' awhile, I remarked kind of casual like that if I had any change I would go to ther store on ther corner an' buy a few shirts an' sich, but that ther banks was closed an' I couldn't git my draft cashed till mornin'."

"'I come down ter get my money fer ther truck I shipped durin' ther summer,' I says.

"'How much stuff did you ship? My friend Larkin says you farmers up there do a pretty big business,' says he, kinder interested like.

"'O, I got a draft fer $2,000,' I says, 'Though it don't quite all belong ter me.'

"'Do you expect ter stay in ther city long?' he inquires, after thinkin' fer a minute. 'I want ter show yer around and have yer meet some of my friends before you go back,' he says.

"'Oh, I 'lowed ter stay three or four days,' says I.

"Jest then he reached down in his pocket an' pulls up a 20-dollar bill.

"'If you want to get anything this evenin',' says he, 'you can use this an' give it back ter me when you git your draft cashed. I'll hang around here till you come back, an' then we'll decide what to do the rest of ther evenin',' says he. So I took ther bill an' went out, leavin' him talkin' to ther' clerk.

"I kinder hated ter lose that carpet-bag, but there wasn't nothin' in it but a night shirt. You see, while I was out I decided mebby I better catch that evenin' train—which I did."

"Gosh all hemlock!" Rube Meadows muttered.

"As I said," Uncle Josh concluded, placidly, "all of them here city fellers ain't so gol-rammed smart as some of 'em thinks."

Nurse Norah Deduces.

"Do ye see th' ma-an over there?" demanded Norah suddenly.

"F'r sure," answered Flynn.

"Can ye tell me annything iv him?"

"Niver a thing."

"He's not a married man," asserted Norah, "an' he's not in love, an' he don't live with his folks, an' he don't live at a club, an' he don't live at a hotel."

"How do ye know?"

"There's two buttons off his vest an' wan off his coat," said Norah. "If he was a married ma-an his wife w'u'd ha-ave them sewed on, if only so's th' neighbors w'u'dn't see it an' be sayin' how carelss she is an' how ha-ard a time her poor husband has. An' if he was in love," Norah went on, gratified by the look of admiration Flynn gave her, "he w'u'd have th' buttons sewed on himself, an' he w'u'd have his close brushed an' no dust on his hat. Ye can see that, can't ye?"

"I can," admitted Flynn.

"An' if he lived with his folks," continued Norah, "do you think his mother or his sister w'u'd lave him go with th' buttons off his coat, an' if they w'u'd, ha-ave ye th' idea that they w'u'dn't be naggin' him to death till they made him brush his own clo'es ivery day or so? An' if he lived at a hotel or a club, w'u'dn't th' bellboys or th' porters be whalin' th' dust out iv him in th' hope iv a tip? 'Tis not much I'm givin' ye, Barney, but ye know a little iv th' ma-an now, an' ye knew nothin' iv him before. I'm new at it, too. With a little practice I think I c'u'd tell ye what he had f'r dinner th' day before yistherday."

"It's gr'reat," admitted policeman Flynn, "but w'u'd it work whin ye wanted it to? Can ye be sure that th' felly ye want to find out about is wan iv the kind ye can read? Ye see, I can't ta-ake me pick iv funny-acting min like they can in daytictive sthories."

It Suits Him.

"I see," said the Long Island farmer, who shared a seat with a man who was reading a newspaper, "that the legislature has passed a resolution to investigate the banks in this state?"

"Yes, I see," replied the other. "Have you any objections?"

"Not one, sir. On the contrary, it suits me to a dot."

"You think they need investigating, do you?"

"Yes, sir. Four weeks ago I was up in Brooklyn and met a man who wanted to start for Chicago at once. He lacked $5 of his fare, and he gave me a check for $10 on the bank to advance him the money. When I took the check to the bank the feller behind the winder handed it back wtih a grin and said:

"'John Smith don't bank here.'

"'But there's his name,' says I.

"'But he has no money here,' says he.

"'But where's my 10?' says I.

"'In the soup,' says he, and when I began to talk loud and demand my rights they had a policeman put me out doors. Yes, sir, I want to see the banks investigated. I want to know if it's lawful for them to grin at a man and throw a check back at him and then throw him out doors just because he has aided a poor feller who wanted to get to Chicago in a hurry to hear the last dying words of his dear old mother."

When you greet misfortune with a smile it comes back with a fiendish grin.

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

Jerry's Fourth of July.

By ELIZABETH C. BUCKHAM.

If there was a boy in the world whom Jerry Haynes envied with all his heart, it was his next-door neighbor, Charlie Magee.

Not only was Charlie invited to the Fourth of July picnic down in the grove, but he was also the possessor of a cute little tame bear, three months old, and not much bigger than a half-grown Newfoundland puppy.

"You may play with him while I'm at the picnic," Charlie said on the morning of the Fourth. He was a nice boy, and sorry that Jerry was not asked.

"All right," said Jerry, cheering up greatly. "Would your mother mind if I took my firecrackers?"

Charlie thought she would not, and so very soon after dinner Jerry climbed the fence which separated their back yards.

The bear was tied to a post, and when left alone did nothing but walk, walk, round and round the post at the distance his chain allowed. In less than a week he had beaten a path in which not a blade of grass remained.

"Bah! Bah! Bah!" Jerry could hear him crying. Cub bears are lonesome little creatures when left without company, and their plaintive call reminds one of the bleating of a lamb.

"I'm coming to have Fourth of July with you," Jerry announced cordially, as he jumped over the fence.

The bear stopped whining and stood perfectly still. He eyed the intruder with suspicion.

Jerry felt nervous. Then he thought, "How silly! He's such a little bear, he couldn't hurt me!"

He went up quite close, and stroked wee bruin's fur as if he had been a kitten.

The bear backed away from him as far as his chain would permit. His bright eyes shone like two small black beads.

Jerry stood his ground, and for a minute he and the bear looked at each other. Then the cub made a quick dash at him —only in fun, of course; but Jerry ran back out of his reach.

After that the boy sat on the grass at a little distance and tried to make friends by tossing to the cub some cookies which his mother had given him for himself. Bears are very fond of sweet things, and the cub would grab the cakes, eat them up quickly and whine for more until they were all gone.

By and by Jerry remembered his firecrackers.

"We'll have Fourth of July now," he said, just as if the bear could understand.

He lighted a cracker and threw it.

The cub, thinking it was more good stuff to eat, dashed after it, and the exploding powder burned his nose.

Forthwith he made another onset upon Jerry. This time it was not in fun, however, for he evidently imagined that the boy had hurt him and he was furious.

Jerry screamed, and rushed up a ladder that was leaning against the barn, not far from the post.

The bear, howling with rage and pain, climbed quickly after him.

The roof of the barn was steep, and when the top rung of the ladder was reached, Jerry was compelled to stop. He was trembling with fright, but soon saw that the bear was not near enough to hurt him, his chain having permitted him to go up only half way.

For 15 or 20 minutes the boy and the angry cub faced each other. Then the cub got tired and went back to his post.

Jerry waited quietly, expecting to slip down when the bear was not watching. Two or three times he made the attempt, but the cub was always quicker than he and chased him back.

He saw at last that he must stay where he was until some one came to look for him. It was more than an hour before any one appeared.

Then he heard his father's voice calling, "Jerry! Jerry!"

"I'm here, father!" he answered gladly; but when his father saw where "here" was he laughed and laughed.

"Perhaps, though," said Jerry's mother, after they reached home, "father would have been afraid himself if he'd been only a little 6-year-old boy, instead of a great big man."

He Took the Chance.

An American boy of 10 and his little sister, whose father is in charge of the American hospital at Teheran, Persia, had an interesting experience last summer in persuading a British ambassador to run the risk of losing his head. And what a magnificent Englishman it was who took the risk merely to please two children.

Fred Wishard and his little sister decided that they could hardly keep the Fourth of July unless they could hoist the American flag. They were living in the little village of Gulhek, six miles from Teheran, which the shah had given to the English legation for their summer home, and the government was accordingly English. The union jack flies there all the time and no other flag could be run up without permission from the government.

So, after much deliberation, the little boy and his sister determined to present a petition to Sir Arthur Hardinge, the British ambassador, asking leave to fly the American flag on the day they wished to celebrate. They carried out their plan at an afternoon tea party, and the minister, after reading the paper, looked very grave. There would be no difficulty, he explained to them, in allowing them to have fireworks, but the question of the flag was a different matter altogether. He would telegraph to London in regard to it.

Late that evening a messenger appeared at Dr. Wishard's house with a large envelope, marked "urgent," for Master Fred. This was the letter:

"On His Britannic Majesty's Service,
"British Legation,
"Teheran, June 25, 1904.

"Sir and madam—With reference to your petition, dated today, I had the honor to explain to you that there would be no difficulty about the proposed fireworks, but that I was not so sure about the flag. I now find that an act of parliament is necessary and that a British minister who gave similar permission without authority in the reign of Queen Anne was condemned on his return to England to be beheaded for high treason and to have his head stuck on a flagstaff.

'We cannot, I fear, pass an act through parliament between now and the Fourth of July; but in order to oblige you and show my sympathy for America, I am willing to take this serious risk, and sanction the flying of the Star Spangled Banner, as proposed by you. I hope, under these circumstances, you will invite me to witness the fireworks.

"I am, sir and madam, your obedient servant,
Arthur Hardinge."

Facts About Fireworks.

July 4 is at hand. Hence a few words about fireworks and firecrackers. The art of making and using these articles is known as pyrotechny, an art which is so old that its origin is obscure, but which China and Japan developed ages ago. It was not, however, until the 14th century that fireworks became known to western nations, although Greek fire had been used in European warfare for a long time before that date. Fireworks were used in a public pageantry in Europe, according to the records, in 1588. The early development of fireworks in Europe was due to the Florentines and for a long time the Italians maintained their supremacy in this field.

In Roman candles the stars or balls of fire are made up of gunpowder ingredients, mixed with light-giving materials, compacted into hard masses by the aid of gum or shellac. These rest on loosely confined layers of granulated gunpowder, interspersed between well-compacted masses of slow burning composition, all inclosed in the usual cardboard case. The stars are hollow and provided with a piece of quick-match, with which they are fired. When the candle is lighted the priming powder is inflamed and this sets fire to the composition, or "dark fire," which slowly burns with the production of flame and sparks until the star is reached. Then the grained powder upon which it rests is ignited, burns rapidly and expels the star with a loud report.

To produce colored fire, metal filings are added to the gunpowder composition; steel filings for brilliant fire or cast iron filings for Chinese fire. Copper filings give a greenish tint to flame; zinc filings give a fine blue color; powdered magnesium, a dazzling white light; amber, colophony or common salt affords a yellow fire. Lampblack produces a very red color, with gunpowder, and a pink with niter in excess, and it is used for making golden showers. Verdigris imparts a pale green; sal ammoniac, a palm tree green, barium salts, a grass green; potassium picrate, a whistling sound; camphor, a very white flame and aromatic fumes.

Torpedoes or "throw-downs" are generally compositions of chlorates or chlorates and sulphur, with gravel to give the device weight, all wrapped in tissue paper. Some genius has invented a firecracker of compressed air to take the place of the present giant crackers, which contain dynamite.

TRAVEL SONG.

I wonder where the railroad starts
  That runs to Brownie Land?
And do excursion tickets cost
  More than a boy can stand?

If I had time and money, too,
  I'd wander up and down
From Brownie Land to Gnomeland and
  From there to Fairytown.

I wonder if my pa could get
  A time table for me;
I'd like to figure out how long
  A voyage it would be.

Man of Grit.

Mrs. Harker—But where in the world do you get such delightful soil for your flower pots? There is no yard to this apartment house.

Mrs. Flatte—No, I'll tell you; Henry owns an automobile and every time he takes a spin I clean off his clothes and get enough mud and sand to fill several pots.

The Rocket and the Pinwheel.

Sky Rocket: Ah! I'm going off on the Fourth, and have a high old time.

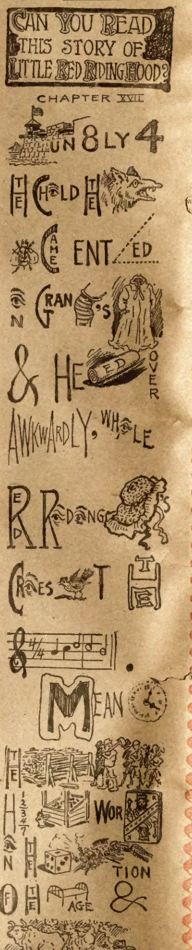
Pinwheel: Bah! You're always shooting off about yourself. I never blow about it but generally have a gay little whirl myself.

JOHNNY'S CELEBRATION.

Upon that glorious morning
  He shot off one big bomb,
Two packs of cannon crackers,
  Three fingers and a thumb.

Mrs. Jones—I dreamed last night of finding money!

Mr. Jones (feeling in his pocket)—It was no dream!



Solution of Chapter XVI.

Red Riding Hood by this time thought the wolf was not Granny.

"And, oh, Granny," she exclaimed, "what a large mouth and great teeth you have!"

"All the better for eating you, my dear," growled the wolf; and he raised up in bed to seize her.